

PHILASTER: 3

O R,

Love lyes a Bleeding.

Written by

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A N D

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L O N D O N,

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Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

KING.

Philaster, *Heir to the Crown.*

Pharamond, *Prince of Spain.*

Dion, *a Lord.*

Cleremont, } *Noble Gentlemen his Associates.*
Thrasiline, }

An old Captain.

Five Citizens.

A Country Fellow.

Two Woodmen.

The King's Guard and Train.

W O M E N.

Arethusa, *the King's Daughter.*

Galatea, *a wise modest Lady attending the Princess.*

Megra, *a lascivious Lady.*

An old wanton Lady, or Croon.

Another Lady attending the Princess.

Eufrasia, *Daughter of Dion, but disguised like a Page,
and call'd Bellario.*

S C E N E S I C I L Y.



PHI-

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O R,
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ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline.

Cle. **H**ERE's not Lords nor Ladies.

Dion. Credit me Gentlemen, I wonder at it. They receiv'd strict charge from the King to attend here: Besides it was boldly publish'd, that no Officer shou'd forbid any Gentlemen that desire to attend and hear.

Cle. Can you guess the Cause?

Dion. Sir, it is plain, about the *Spanish* Prince, that's come to Marry our Kingdom's Heir, and be our Sovereign.

Thra. Many, that will seem to know much, say, she looks not on him like a Maid in Love.

Dion. O Sir, the Multitude (that seldom know any thing but their own Opinions) speak that they would have; but the Prince, before his own approach, receiv'd so many confident Messages from the State, that I think she's resolv'd to be rul'd.

Cle. Sir, it is thought, with her he shall enjoy both these Kingdoms of *Sicily* and *Calabria*.

Dion. Sir, it is without controversie, so meant. But 'twill be a troublesome labour for him to enjoy both these Kingdoms, with Safety, the right Heir to one of them living, and living so virtuously, especially the People admiring the Bravery of his Mind, and lamenting his Injuries.

Cle. Who, *Philaster*?

Dion. Yes, whose Father, we all know, was by our late King of *Calabria* unrighteously depos'd from his fruitful *Sicily*. My self drew some Blood in those Wars, which I would give my Hand to be wash'd from.

Cle. Sir, my Ignorance in State-policy, will not let me know why *Philaster* being Heir to one of these Kingdoms, the King should suffer him to walk abroad with such free Liberty.

Dion. Sir, it seems your Nature is more constant than to enquire after State-news. But the King, of late, made a hazard of both the Kingdoms, of *Sicily* and his own, with offering but to imprison *Philaster*. At which the City was in Arms, not to be charm'd down by any State-order, or Proclamation, 'till they saw *Philaster* ride through the Streets pleas'd, and without a Guard; at which they threw their Hats, and their Arms from them; some to make Bonfires, some to drink, all for his deliverance. Which, wise Men say, is the Cause the King labours to bring in the Power of a Foreign Nation, to awe his own with.

Enter Galatea, Megra, and a Lady.

Thra. See the Ladies; what's the first?

Dion. A wise and modest Gentlewoman that attends the Princess.

Cle. The second?

Dion. She is one that may stand still discreetly enough, and ill-favour'dly dance her Measure; simper when she is Courted by her Friend, and slight her Husband.

Cle. The last?

Dion. Marry I think she is one whom the State keeps for the Agents of our Confederate Princes; she'll cog and lye with a whole Army before the League shall break: her Name is common through the Kingdom, and the Trophies of her dishonour advanc'd beyond *Hercules*-pillars. She loves to try the several Constitutions of Mens Bodies; and indeed has destroyed the Worth of her own Body, by making experiment upon it, for the good of the Common-wealth.

Cle. She's a profitable Member.

La. Peace, if you love me: you shall see these Gentlemen stand their ground, and not Court us.

Gal. What if they should? *Meg.* What if they should?

La. Nay, let her alone; what if they should? why, if they should, I say, they were never abroad; what Foreigner wou'd do so? it writes them directly Untravel'd.

Gal. Why, what if they be? *Meg.* What if they be?

La. Good Madam let her go on; what if they be? Why if they be, I will justify they cannot maintain discourse with a judicious Lady, nor make a Leg, nor say Excuse me.

Gal. Ha, ha, ha. *La.* Do you laugh, Madam?

Dion. Your Desires upon you, Ladies.

La. Then you must sit beside us.

Dion. I shall sit near you then, Lady.

La. Near me perhaps: But there's a Lady indures no Stranger; and to me you appear a very strange Fellow.



Meg.

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Meg. Methinks he's not so strange, he would quickly be acquainted.
Thra. Peace, the King.

Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa, and Train.

King. To give a stronger Testimony of Love
Than sickly Promises (which commonly
In Princes find both Birth and Burial
In one breath) we have drawn you, worthy Sir,
To make your fair Indearments to our Daughter,
And worthy Services known to our Subjects,
Now lov'd and wonder'd at. Next, our Intent,
To plant you deeply, our immediate Heir,
Both to our Blood and Kingdoms. For this Lady,
(The best part of your Life, as you confirm me,
And I believe) though her few Years and Sex
Yet teach her nothing but her Fears and Blushes,
Desires without desire, Discourse and Knowledge
Only of what her self is to her self,
Make her feel moderate Health; and when she sleeps,
In making no ill Day, knows no ill Dreams.
Think not, dear Sir, these undivided Parts,
That must mould up a Virgin, are put on
To shew her so, as borrow'd Ornaments,
To speak her perfect Love to you, or add
An Artificial Shadow to her Nature:
No Sir; I boldly dare proclaim her, yet
No Woman. But woo her still, and think her Modesty
A sweeter Mistress than the offer'd Language
Of any Dame, were she a Queen, whose Eye
Speaks common Loves and Comforts to her Servants.
Last, noble Son, (for so I now must call you)
What I have done thus publick, is not only
To add a Comfort in particular
To you or me, but all; and to confirm
The Nobles, and the Gentry of these Kingdoms,
By Oath to your Succession, which shall be
Within this Month at most. *Thra.* This will be hardly done.

Cle. It must be ill done, if it be done.

Dion. When 'tis at best, 'twill be but half done,
Whilst so brave a Gentleman's wrong'd and flung off.

Thra. I fear. *Cle.* Who does not?

Dion. I fear not for my self, and yet I fear too:
Well, we shall see, we shall see who more.

Pha. Kissing your white Hand, Mistress, I take leave
To thank your Royal Father; and thus far,
To be my own free Trumpet. Understand,
Great King, and these your Subjects, mine that must be,

(For

(For so deserving you have spoke me, Sir,
 And so deserving I dare speak my self)
 To what a Person, of what Eminence,
 Ripe expectation of what Faculties,
 Manners and Virtues you would wed your Kingdoms?
 You in me have your Wishes. Oh this Country,
 By more than all my hopes I hold it
 Happy, in their dear Memories that have been
 Kings great and good, happy in yours, that is,
 And from you (as a Chronicle to keep
 Your Noble Name from eating Age) do I
 Opine my self most happy. Gentlemen,
 Believe me in a word, a Prince's Word,
 There shall be nothing to make up a Kingdom
 Mighty, and flourishing, defenced, fear'd,
 Equal to be commanded and obey'd,
 But through the Travels of my Life I'll find it,
 And tye it to this Country. And I vow
 My Reign shall be so easie to the Subject,
 That ev'ry Man shall be his Prince himself,
 And his own Law (yet I his Prince and Law.)
 And dearest Lady, to your dearest self
 (Dear, in the choice of him, whose Name and Lustre
 Must make you more and mightier) let me say,
 You are the blessed't living; for, sweet Princess,
 You shall enjoy a Man of Men, to be
 Your Servant; you shall make him yours, for whom
 Great Queens must die. *Thra.* Miraculous.

Cle. This Speech calls him *Spaniard*, being nothing but a large
 Inventory of his own Commendations.

Enter Philaster.

Dion. I wonder what's his Price? For certainly
 He'll sell himself, he has so prais'd his shape:
 But here comes one more worthy those large Speeches,
 Than the large Speaker of them.
 Let me be swallow'd quick, if I can find,
 In all th' Anatomy of yon Man's Virtues,
 One Sinew sound enough to promise for him,
 He shall be Constable.
 By this Sun, he'll ne'er make a King
 Unless it be for trifles, in my poor Judgment.

Phi Right Noble Sir, as low as my Obedience,
 And with a Heart as loyal as my Knee,
 I beg your favour.

King. Rise, you have it, Sir.

Dion. Mark but the King, how pale he looks with fear.

Oh!

Oh! this same whorson Conscience, how it jades us!

King. Speak your intents, Sir.

Phi. Shall I speak em freely? —

Be still my Royal Sovereign.

King. As a Subject, we give you Freedom.

Dion. Now it heats.

Phi. Then thus I turn

My Language to you Prince, you Foreign Man.

Ne'er stare, nor put on wonder, for you must

Indure me, and you shall. This Earth you tread on

(A Dowry, as you hope, with this fair Princess,

Whose memory I bow to) was not left

By my dead Father (Oh, I had a Father)

To your Inheritance, and I up and living,

Having my self about me and my Sword,

The Souls of all my Name, and Memories,

These Arms and some few Friends, besides the Gods,

To part so calmly with it, and sit still,

And say I might have been! I tell thee *Pharamond*,

When thou art King, look I be dead and rotten,

And my Name Ashes; For, hear me *Pharamond*,

This very ground thou goest on, this fat Earth,

My Father's Friends made fertile with their Faiths,

Before that Day of Shame, shall gape and swallow

Thee and thy Nation, like a hungry Grave,

Into her hidden Bowels: Prince, it shall;

By *Nemesis* it shall. *Pha.* He's mad, beyond Cure, mad.

Dion. Here's a Fellow has some Fire in's Veins:

The Outlandish Prince looks like a Tooth-drawer.

Phi. Sir, Prince of Poppingays, I'll make it well appear

To you I am not mad. *King.* You displease us.

You are too bold. *Phi.* No Sir, I am too tame,

Too much a Turtle, a thing born without Passion,

A faint Shadow, that every drunken Cloud sails over,

And makes nothing. *King.* I do not fancy this,

Call our Physicians; sure he is somewhat tainted.

Thra. I do not think 'twill prove so.

Dion. H'as given him a general Purge already, for all the Right

he has, and now he means to let him Blood: Be constant Gentlemen;

by these hilts I'll run his hazard, although I run my Name out of

the Kingdom. *Cle.* Peace, we are one Soul.

Pha. What you have seen in me, to stir Offence,

I cannot find, unless it be this Lady

Offer'd into mine Arms, with the Succession,

Which I must keep, though it hath pleas'd your Fury

To mutiny within you, without disputing

Your

Your *Genealogies*, or taking knowledge
Whose Branch you are. The King will leave it me;
And I dare make it mine. You have your Answer.

Phi. If thou wert sole Inheritor to him
That made the world his, and cou'dst see no Sun
Shine upon any but thine; were *Pharamond*
As truly valiant, as I feel him cold,
And ring'd among the choicest of his Friends,
Such as would blush to talk such serious follies,
Or back such bellied Commendations,
And from this present, spight of all these Bugs,
You should hear further from me.

King. Sir, you wrong the Prince:
I gave you not this freedom to brave our best Friends,
You deserve our Frown: Go to, be better temper'd.

Phi. It must be Sir, when I am nobler us'd.

Gal. Ladies,
This would have been a pattern of Succession,
Had he ne'er met this mischief. By my life,
He is the worthiest the true name of Man
This day within my Knowledge.

Meg. I cannot tell what you may call your Knowledge,
But the other is the Man set in mine Eye;
Oh! 'Tis a Prince of Wax. *Gal.* A Dog it is.

King. *Philaster*, tell me
The Injuries you aim at, in your Riddles.

Phi. If you had my Eyes Sir, and Sufferance,
My Griefs upon you, and my broken Fortunes,
My want's great, and now nought but Hopes and Fears,
My Wrongs would make ill Riddles to be laught at.
Dare you be still my King, and right me not?

King. Give me your Wrongs in private.

[*They whisper.*

Phi. Take them, and ease me of a load would bow strong *Atlas*.

Cle. He dares not stand the shock.

Dion. I cannot blame him, there's danger in't. Every Man in
this Age, has not a Soul of Chrystal for all Men to read their Acti-
ons through: Mens Hearts and Faces are so far asunder, that they
hold no Intelligence. Do but view yon Stranger well, and you shall
see a fever through all his Bravery, and feel him shake like a true
Tenant; if he give not back his Crown again, upon the report of
an Elder Gun, I have no Augury.

King. Go to:
Be more your self, as you respect our Favour:
You'll stir us else: Sir, I must have you know
That you're and shall be at our pleasure, what fashion we
Will put upon you: Smooth your Brow, or by the Gods —

Phi.

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Phi. I am dead Sir, you're my Fate: It was not I
Said I was wrong'd: I carry all about me,
My weak Stars led me to all my weak Fortunes.
Who dares in all this Presence speak (that is
But Man of Flesh and may be Mortal) tell me
I do not most intirely love this Prince,
And honour his full Virtues! *King.* Sure he's posselt.

Phi. Yes, with my Father's Spirit: It's here, O King!
A dangerous Spirit; now he tells me, King,
I was a King's Heir, bids me be a King,
And whispers to me, these be all my Subjects.
'Tis strange, he will not let me sleep, but dives
Into my Fancy, and there gives me Shapes
That kneel, and do me Service, cry me King:
But I'll suppress him, he's a factious Spirit,
And will undo me: Noble Sir, your hand, I am your Servant.

King. Away, I do not like this:
I'll make you tamer, or I'll dispossess you
Both of Life and Spirit: For this time
I pardon your wild Speech, without so much
As your Imprisonment. [*Ex. King, Pha. and Arc.*]

Dion. I thank you Sir, you dare not for the People.

Gal. Ladies, what think you now of this brave Fellow?

Meg. A pretty talking Fellow, hot at Hand; but eye yon Stran-
ger, is not he a fine compleat Gentleman? O these Strangers, I
do affect them strangely: They do the rarest home things, and
please the fullest! As I live, could love all the Nation over and
over for his sake.

Gal. Pride comfort your poor Head-piece, Lady: 'Tis a weak
one, and had need of a Night-cap.

Dion. See how his Fancy labours, has he not spoke
Home, and bravely? what a dangerous Train
Did he give fire to! How he shook the King,
Made his Soul melt within him, and his Blood
Run into Whey! It stood upon his Brow,
Like a cold winter Dew. *Phi.* Gentlemen,
You have no suit to me? I am no Minion:
You stand, methinks, like Men that would be Courtiers,
If you could well be flatter'd at a Price,
Not to undo your Children: You're all honest:
Go get you home again and make your Country
A virtuous Court, to which your great ones may,
In their Diseased Age, retire, and live recluse.

Cle. How do you, worthy Sir? *Phi.* Well, very well;
And so well, that if the King please, I find
I may live many years.

Dion. The King must please,
 Whilst we know what you are, and who you are,
 Your wrongs and injuries: Shrink not, worthy Sir,
 But add your Father to you: In whose Name,
 We'll waken all the Gods, and conjure up
 The rods of Vengeance, the abused People,
 Who like to raging Torrents shall swell high,
 And so begirt the Dens of these Male-dragons,
 That through the strongest safety, they shall beg
 For mercy at your Sword's point. *Phi.* Friends, no more,
 Our years may be corrupted: 'Tis an Age
 We dare not trust our wills to: Do you love me?

Thra. Do we love Heav'n and Honour?

Phi. My Lord *Dion*, you had
 A virtuous Gentlewoman call'd you Father;
 Is she yet alive? *Dion.* Most honour'd Sir, she is:
 And for the penance but of an idle Dream,
 Has undertook a tedious Pilgrimage.

Enter a Lady.

Phi. Is it to me, or any of these Gentlemen you come?

La. To you, brave Lord; the Princess would intreat
 Your present Company.

Phi. The Princess send for me! You're mistaken.

La. If you be call'd *Philaster*, 'tis to you.

Phi. Kiss her Hand, and say I will attend her.

Dion. Do you know what you do?

Phi. Yes, go to see a Woman.

Cle. But do you weigh the danger you are in?

Phi. Danger in a sweet Face?

By *Jupiter* I must not fear a Woman.

Thra. But are you sure it was the Princess sent?

It may be some foul Train to catch your Life.

Phi. I do not think it, Gentlemen; she's Noble,
 Her Eye may shoot me dead, or those true red
 And white friends in her Face may steal my Soul out:
 There's all the danger in't: But be what may, [*Ex. Phil.*
 Her single name hath arm'd me. *Dion.* Go on:
 And be as truly happy as thou art fearless.

Come Gentlemen, let's make our Friends acquainted,
 Lest the King prove false.

[*Ex. Gentlemen.*

Enter Arethusa and a Lady.

Are. Comes he not? *La.* Madam?

Are. Will *Philaster* come? *La.* Dear Madam, you were wont
 To credit me at first. *Are.* But didst thou tell me so?
 I am forgetful, and my Woman's strength
 Is so o'ercharg'd with danger like to grow
 About my Marriage, that these under things

Dare

Dare not abide in such a troubled sea:

How look'd he, when he told thee he would come?

La. Why, well. *Are.* And not a little fearful?

La. Fear, Madam? Sure he knows not what it is.

Are. You are all of his Faction; the whole Court
Is bold in praise of him; whilst I

May live neglected, and do noble things,
As Fools in strife throw Gold into the Sea,
Drown'd in the doing: But I know he fears.

La. Fear? Madam, methought his looks hid more
Of Love than Fear. *Are.* Of Love? To whom? to you?

Did you deliver those plain Words I sent,
With such a winning Gesture, and quick look,
That you have caught him? *La.* Madam, I mean to you.

Are. Of Love to me? Alas! thy Ignorance
Lets thee not see the crosses of our Births.

Nature, that loves not to be questioned
Why she did this, or that, but has her ends,
And knows she does well; never gave the World
Two things so opposite, so contrary,
As he and I am: If a bowl of Blood

Drawn from this Arm of mine would poison thee,
A draught of his would cure thee. Of Love to me?

La. Madam, I think I hear him. *Are.* Bring him in:
You Gods that would not have your Dooms withstood,
Whose holy Wifdoms at this time it is,
To make the Passion of a feeble Maid
The way unto your Justice, I obey. [Enter Phil.]

La. Here is my Lord *Philaster*. *Are.* Oh! 'tis well:
Withdraw your self. *Phi.* Madam, your Messenger
Made me believe, you wish to speak with me.

Are. 'Tis true, *Philaster*, but the words are such
I have to say, and do so ill beseem

The mouth of Woman, that I wish them said,
And yet am loth to speak them. Have you known
That I have ought detracted from your Worth?
Have I in Person wrong'd you? Or have set
My baser instruments to throw Disgrace
Upon your Virtues? *Phi.* Never, Madam, you.

Are. Why then should you in such a publick place,
Injure a Princess, and a Scandal lay
Upon my Fortunes, sam'd to be so great:
Calling a great part of my Dowry in question.

Phi. Madam, this truth which I shall speak, will be
Foolish: But for your fair and virtuous self,
I could afford my self to have no Right

To any thing you wish'd. *Are. Philaster, know*
I must enjoy these Kingdoms. *Pbi. Madam, both?*

Are. Both, or I die: By Fate I die, Philaster,
If I not calmly may enjoy them both.

Pbi. I would do much to save that noble Life:
Yet would be loth to have Posterity
Find in our Stories, that *Philaster* gave
His right unto a Scepter, and a Crown,
To save a Lady's longing. *Are. Nay then hear:*
I must, and will have them, and more.

Pbi. What more?

Are. Or lose that little Life the Gods prepar'd,
To trouble this poor piece of Earth withal.

Pbi. Madam, what more?

Are. Turn then away thy Face.

Pbi. No. Are. Do.

Pbi. I cannot endure it: Turn away my Face?
I never yet saw Enemy that look'd
So dreadful, but that I thought my self
As great a Basilisk as he; or spake
So horribly, but that I thought my Tongue
Bore Thunder underneath, as much as his:
Nor Beast that I could turn from: Shall I then
Begin to fear sweet Sounds? A Lady's Voice,
Whom I do love? Say you would have my Life,
Why, I will give it you; for it is of me
A thing so loath'd, and unto you that ask
Of so poor Use, that I shall make no Price
If you intreat, I will unmov'dly hear.

Are. Yet for my sake a little bend thy looks.

Pbi. I do. Are. Then know I must have them and thee.

Pbi. And me?

Are. Thy Love; without which, all the Land
Discover'd yet, will serve me for no use,
But to be buried in. *Pbi. Is't possible?*

Are. With it, it were too little to bestow
On thee: Now, though thy Breath doth strike me Dead
(Which know it may) I have unript my Breast.

Pbi. Madam, you are too full of noble Thoughts,
To lay a train for this condemned Life,
Which you may have for asking: to suspect
Were base, where I deserve no ill: Love you!
By all my hopes I do, above my Life:
But how this Passion should proceed from you
So violently, would amaze a Man, that would be Jealous.

Are. Another Soul into my Body shor,

Could

Could not have fill'd me with more Strength and Spirit,
Than this thy Breath: But spend not hasty time,
In seeking how I came thus: 'tis the Gods,
The Gods, that make me so; and sure our Love
Will be the nobler, and the better blest,
In that the secret Justice of the Gods
Is mingled with it. Let us leave and kiss,
Lest some unwelcome Guest should fall betwixt us,
And we should part without it. *Phi.* 'Twill be ill
I should abide here long. *Are.* 'Tis true, and worse
You should come often: How shall we devise
To hold Intelligence? That our true Lovers,
On any new occasion may agree, what Path is best to tread?

Phi. I have a Boy sent by the Gods, I hope to this intent,
Not yet seen in the Court; hunting the Buck,
I found him sitting by a Fountain side,
Of which he borrow'd some to quench his Thirst,
And paid the Nymph again as much in Tears;
A Garland lay him by, made by himself,
Of many several Flowers, bread in the Bay,
Stuck in that mystick Order, that the rareness
Delighted me: But ever when he turned
His tender Eyes upon 'em, he would weep,
As if he meant to make 'em grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless Innocence
Dwell in his Face, I ask'd him all his Story;
He told me that his Parents gentle dy'd
Leaving him to the mercy of the Fields,
Which gave him Roots; and of the Crystill Springs,
Which did not stop their Courses; and the Sun,
Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his Light.
Then took he up his garland, and did shew,
What every Flower, as Country People hold,
Did signifie; and how all ordered thus,
Exprest his Grief; and to my Thoughts did read
The prettiest lecture of his Country Art
That cou'd be wish'd: So that, methought, I cou'd
Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd him,
Who was glad to follow; and have got
The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest Boy,
That ever Master kept: Him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden Love.

Enter Lady.

Are. 'Tis well, no more.

La. Madam, the Prince is come to do his Service.

Are. What will you do, *Philaster*, with your self?

Phi.

Phi. Why, that which all the Gods have appointed out for me.

Are. Dear, hide thy self. Bring in the Prince.

Phi. Hide me from *Pharamond*!

When Thunder speaks, which is the Voice of *Jove*,
Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not;
And shall a stranger Prince have leave to brag
Unto a Foreign Nation, that he made *Philaster* hide himself?

Are. He cannot know it.

Phi. Though it should sleep for ever to the World,
It is a simple Sin to hide my self,
Which will for ever on my Conscience lye.

Are. Then good *Philaster*, give him scope and way
In what he says; for he is apt to speak
What you are loth to hear; For my sake do. *Phi.* I will.

Enter Pharamond.

Pha. My Princely Mistress, as true Lovers ought,
I come to kiss these fair Hands; and to shew
In outward Ceremonies, the dear Love
Writ in my Heart

Phi. If I shall have an Answer no directlier,
I am gone. *Pha.* To what would he have an Answer?

Are. To his Claim unto the Kingdom.

Pha. Sirrah, I forbear you before the King.

Phi. Good Sir, do so still, I would not talk with you.

Pha. But now the time is fitter, do but offer
To make mention of Right to any Kingdom,
Though it be scarce habitable. *Phi.* Good Sir, let me go.

Pha. And by my Sword.

Phi. Peace, *Pharamond*; if thou——

Are. Leave us, *Philaster*. *Phi.* I have done.

Pha. You are gone, by Heaven I'll fetch you back.

Phi. You shall not need. *Pha.* What now?

Phi. Know, *Pharamond*,
I loath to brawl with such a blast as thou,
Who art nought but a valiant Voice: But if
Thou shalt provoke me further, Men shall say
Thou wert, and not lament it.

Pha. Do you flight
My Greatness so, and in the Chamber of the Princess!

Phi. It is a place to which I must confess
I owe a Reverence: But were't the Church,
Ay, at the Altar, there's no place so safe,
Where thou dar'st injure me, but I dare kill thee:
And for your Greatness; know Sir, I can grasp
You, and your Greatness thus, thus into nothing:
Give not a word, not a word back: Farewell. *[Exit Phi]*

Pha.

Pha. 'Tis an odd Fellow, Madam, we must stop His mouth with some Office, when we are married.

Are. You were best make him your Controuler.

Pha. I think he would discharge it well. But Madam, I hope our Hearts are knit; and yet so slow The Ceremonies of State are, that 'twill be long Before our Hands be so: If then you please, Being agreed in Heart, let us not wait For dreaming for me, but take a little stoln Delights, and so prevent our Joys to come.

Are. If you dare speak such Thoughts, I must withdraw in Honour.

[Exit Are.]

Pha. The Constitution of my Body will never hold out till the Wedding; I must seek elsewhere.

[Exit Pha.]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Philaster, and Bellario.

Phi. **A**ND thou shalt find her honourable, Boy, Full of regard unto thy tender Youth, For thine own Modesty; and for my sake, Apter to give, than thou wilt be to ask, ay, or deserve.

Bell. Sir, you did take me up when I was nothing; And only yet am something, by being yours; You trusted me unknown; and that which you are apt To construe a simple Innocence in me, Perhaps, might have been Craft; the cunning of a Boy Hardened in Lies and Theft; yet ventur'd you, To part my Miseries and me: for which, I never can expect to serve a Lady That bears more Honour in her Breast than you.

Phi. But Boy, it will prefer thee; thou art young, And bear'st a childish overflowing Love To them that clap thy Cheeks, and speak thee fair yet: But when thy Judgement comes to rule those Passions, Thou wilt remember best those careful Friends That plac'd thee in the noblest way of Life. She is a Princess; I prefer thee to.

Bel. In that small time that I have seen the World, I never knew a Man hasty to part With a Servant he thought trusty; I remember My Father wou'd prefer the Boys he kept To greater Men than he, but did it not, Till they were grown too sawcy for himself.

Phi.

Phi. Why gentle Boy, I find no fault at all in thy Behaviour.

Bel. Sir, if I have made

A fault of Ignorance, instruct my Youth;
I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn;
Age and Experience will adorn my Mind
With larger Knowledge: And if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope
For once; what Master holds so strict a Hand
Over his Boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning? Let me be corrected
To break my stubbornness if it be so,
Rather than turn me off, and I shall mend.

Phi. Thy Love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee.
Alas! I do not turn thee off; thou know'st
It is my Business that doth call thee hence,
And when thou art with her thou dwell'st with me:
Think so, and 'tis so; and when time is full,
That thou hast well discharg'd this heavy trust,
Laid on so weak a one, I will again
With Joy receive thee; as I live, I will.
Nay weep not, gentle Boy; 'tis more than time
Thou didst attend the Princess. *Bel.* I am gone;
But since I am to part with you, my Lord,
And none knows whether I shall live to do
More Service for you; take this little Prayer.
Heav'n bless your Loves, your Fights, all your Designs.
May sick Men, if they have your wish, be well;
And Heav'n hate those you curse, though I be one.

[*Exit.*

Phi. The Love of Boys unto their Lords is strange,
I have read wonders of it; yet this Boy
For my sake (if a Man may judge by Looks,
And Speech) would out-do Story. I may see
A Day to pay him for his Loyalty.

[*Exit Phi.*

Enter Pharamond.

Pha. Why should these Ladies stay so long? They must come
this way; I know the Queen employs 'em not, for the Reverend
Mother sent me word they would all be for the Garden. If they
should all prove honest now, I were in a fair taking; I was never
so long without sport in my Life, and in my Conscience 'tis not my
fault: Oh, for our Country Ladies! Here's one boulded, I'll hound
at her.

Enter Galatea.

Gal. Your Grace! *Pha.* Shall I not be a trouble?

Gal. Not to me, Sir.

Pha. Nay, nay, you are too quick; by this sweet Hand.

Gal.

Gal. You'll be forsworn, Sir, 'tis but an old Glove. If you will talk at distance, I am for you; but good Prince, be not bawdy, nor do not brag; these two I bar, and then I think, I shall have Sense enough to answer all the weighty *Apothegmes* your Royal Blood shall manage.

Pha. Dear Lady, can you love?

Gal. Dear, Prince, how dear! I ne'er cost you a Coach yet, nor put you to the dear Repentance of a Banquet; here's no Scarlet, Sir, to blush the Sin out it was given for: This Wire mine own Hair covers; and this Face has been so far from being dear to any, that it ne'er cost penny painting: And for the rest of my poor Wardrobe, such as you see, it leaves no hand behind it, to make the jealous Mercer's Wife curse our good doings.

Pha. You mistake me, Lady.

Gal. Lord, I do so; would you or I could help it.

Pha. Do Ladies of this Country use to give no more Respect to Men of my full Being?

Gal. Full being! I understand you not, unless your Grace means growing to Fatness; and then your only Remedy (upon my Knowledge, Prince) is in a Morning a Cup of neat White-wine brew'd with *Carduus*, then fast 'till Supper, about eight you may Eat; use Exercise, and keep a Sparrow-hawk, you can shoot in a Tiller; but of all, your Grace must flie *Phlebotomy*, fresh Pork, Conger, and clarified Whey: They are all dullers of the vital Spirits.

Pha. Lady, you talk of nothing all this while.

Gal. 'Tis very true, Sir, I talk of you.

Pha. This is a crafty Wench, I like her Wit well, 'twill be rare to stir up a leaden Appetite, she's a *Danae*, and must be courted in a show'r of Gold. Madam, look here, all these, and more, than——

Gal. What have you there, my Lord? Gold? Now, as I live 'tis fair Gold; you would have Silver for it to play with the Pages; you could not have taken me in a worse time; but if you have present use, my Lord, I'll send my Man with Silver, and keep your Gold for you.

Pha. Lady, Lady.

Gal. She's coming, Sir, behind, will take white Mony. Yet for all this I'll match ye. [Exit Gal. behind the Hangings.]

Pha. If there be but two such more in this Kingdom, and near the Court, we may even hang up our Harps. Ten such *Campfire* Constitutions as this, would call the Golden Age again in question, and teach the old way for every ill-fac'd Husband to get his own Children, and what a mischief that will breed, let all consider.

Enter Megra.

Here's another; if she be of the same Last, the Devil shall pluck her on. Many fair Mornings, Lady.

C

Meg.

Meg. As many Mornings bring as many Days,
Fair, sweet, and hopeful to your Grace.

Pha. She gives good words yet; sure this Wench is free.
If your more serious business do not call you,
Let me hold quarter with you, we'll talk an Hour
Out quickly. *Meg.* What would your Grace talk of?

Pha. Of some such pretty Subject as your self.
I'll go no further than your Eye, or Lip,
There's Theme enough for one Man for an Age.

Meg. Sir, they stand right, and my Lips are yet even,
Smooth, Young enough, Ripe enough, Red enough,
Or my Glass wrongs me.

Pha. O they are two twin'd Cherries died in Blushes,
Which those fair Suns above, with their bright Beams
Reflect upon, and ripen. Sweetest Beauty,
Bow down those Branches, that the longing taste,
Of the faint Looker on, may meet those Blessings,
And taste and live. *Meg.* O delicate sweet Prince;
She that hath Snow enough about her Heart,
To take the wanton spring of ten such Lines off,
May be a Nun without probation.

Sir, you have in such neat Poetry, gather'd a kiss,
That if I had but five Lines of that number,
Such pretty begging Blanks, I should commend
Your Fore-head, or your Cheeks, and kiss you too.

Pha. Do it in Prose; you cannot miss it, Madam.

Meg. I shall, I shall. *Pha.* By my Life you shall not.
I'll prompt you first: Can you do it now?

Meg. Methinks 'tis easie, now I ha' don't before;
But yet I should stick at it. *Pha.* Stick till to morrow.
I'll ne'er part you, sweetest. But we lose time,
Can you love me?

Meg. Love you, my Lord? How would you have me love you?

Pha. I'll teach you in a short Sentence, cause I will not load
your Memory, this is all: Love me, and lye with me.

Meg. Was it lye with you that you said? 'Tis impossible.

Pha. Not to a willing Mind, that will endeavour; if I do not
teach you to do it as easily in one Night, as you'll go to Bed, I'll
lose my Royal Blood for't.

Meg. Why Prince, you have a Lady of your own, that yet wants
teaching.

Pha. I'll sooner teach a Mare the old measures, than teach her
any thing belonging to the Function; she's afraid to lye with her
self, if she have but any masculine Imaginations about her; I know
when we are married, I must ravish her.

Meg. By my Honour, that's a foul fault indeed; but time and
your good help will wear it out, Sir.

Pha.

Pha. And for any other I see, excepting your dear self, dearest Lady, I had rather be Sir *Tim* the Schoolmaster, and leap a Dairy-maid.

Meg. Has your Grace seen the Court-star *Galatea*?

Pha. Out upon her; she's as cold of her favour as an Apoplex; She sail'd by but now.

Meg. And how do you hold her Wit, Sir?

Pha. I hold her Wit? The strength of all the Guard cannot hold it, if they were tied to it, she would blow 'em out of the Kingdom; they talk of *Jupiter*, he's but Squib-cracker to her: Look well about you, and you may find a Tongue-bolt. But speak sweet Lady, shall I be freely welcome?

Meg. Whither?

Pha. To your Bed; if you mistrust my Faith, you do me the unnobleft wrong.

Meg. I dare not, Prince, I dare not.

Pha. Make your own conditions, my Purse shall seal 'em, and what you dare imagine you can want, I'll furnish you withal: Give two hours to your Thoughts every Morning about it. Come, I know you are bathful, speak in my Ear, will you be mine? Keep this, and with it me: Soon I will visit you.

Meg. My Lord, my Chamber's most unsafe, but when 'tis Night I'll find some means to slip into your Lodging: till when ———

Pha. Till when, this, and my Heart go with thee.

[*Ex. several ways.*]

Enter Galatea from behind the Hangings.

Gal. Oh thou pernicious Petticoat Prince, are these your Virtues? Well, if I do not lay a train to blow your sport up, I am no Woman; and Lady Towfabel I'll fit you for't. [*Exit.*]

Enter Arethusa and a Lady.

Are. Where's the Boy? *La.* Within, Madam.

Are. Gave you him Gold to buy him Cloaths?

La. I did. *Are.* And has he don't?

La. Yes Madam.

Are. 'Tis a pretty sad talking Boy, is it not? Ask't you his Name? *La.* No Madam.

Enter Galatea.

Are. O you are welcome, what good News?

Gal. As good as any one can tell your Grace, That says she hath done that you would have wish'd.

Are. Hast thou discover'd?

Gal. I have strain'd a point of Modesty for you.

Are. I prithee how?

Gal. In listning after Bawdry: I see, let a Lady live never so modestly, she shall be sure to find a lawful time, to hearken after Bawdry, your Prince, brave *Pharamond*, was so hot on't.

Are. With whom?

C 2

Gal.

Gal. Why, with the Lady I suspect: I can tell the time and place.

Are. O when, and where? *Gal.* To Night, his Lodging.

Are. Run thy self into the Presence, mingle there again
With other Ladies, leave the rest to me:

If Destiny (to whom we dare not say,
Why didst thou this) have not decreed it so
In lasting leaves (whose smallest Characters
Were never alter'd;) yet, this match shall break.
Where's the Boy? *La.* Here Madam.

Enter Bellario.

Are. Sir, you are sad to change your Service, is't not so?

Bel. Madam, I have not chang'd; I wait on you,
To do him Service. *Are.* Thou disclaim'st in me;
Tell me thy Name. *Bel.* Bellario.

Are. Thou canst Sing, and Play?

Bel. If Grief will give me leave, Madam, I can.

Are. Alas! What kind of Grief can thy Years know?
Hadst thou a curst Master when thou went'st to School?
Thou art not capable of other Grief;
Thy Brows and Cheeks are smooth as Waters be,
When no breath troubles them: Believe me, Boy,
Care seeks out wrinkled Brows and hollow Eyes,
And builds himself Caves to abide in them.

Come Sir, tell me truly, does your Lord love me?

Bel. Love, Madam? I know not what it is.

Are. Canst thou know Grief, and never yet knew'st Love?
Thou art deceiv'd Boy; does he speak of me,
As if he wish'd me well? *Bel.* If it be Love,
To forget all respect of his own Friends,
In thinking on your Face; if it be Love
To sit cross-arm'd, and sigh away the Day,
Mingled with Starts, crying your Name as loud
And hastily, as Men i'the streets do Fire:
If it be Love to weep himself away,
When he but hears of any Lady dead,
Or kill'd, because it might have been your chance;
If when he goes to Rest (which will not be)
'Twixt ev'ry Prayer he says, he names you once
As others drop a Bead, be to be in Love;
Then Madam, I dare swear he loves you.

Are. O you're a cunning Boy, and taught to lie,
For your Lord's Credit; but thou knowest, a Lie,
That bears this sound, is welcomer to me,
Than any Truth that says he loves me not.
Lead the way, Boy: Do you attend me too;
'Tis thy Lord's business hastes me thus, Away.

[*Exeunt.*
Enter

Enter Dion, Cleremont, Thrafiline, Megra, and Galatea.

Dion. Come Ladies, shall we talk a round? As Men
Do walk a mile, Women should talk an hour
After Supper: 'Tis their Exercise. *Gal.* 'Tis late.

Meg. 'Tis all
My Eyes will do to lead me to my Bed.
Gal. I fear they are so heavy, you'll scarce find
The way to your Lodging with 'em to Night.

Enter Pharamond.

Thra. The Prince.

Pha. Not a-bed Ladies? You're good Sitters up;
What think you of a pleasant Dream to last
Till Morning?

Meg. I should chuse, my Lord, a pleasing wake before it.

Enter Arethusa and Bellario.

Are. 'Tis well my Lord, you're Courting of Ladies.
Is't not late, Gentlemen?

Cle. Yes, Madam.

Are. Wait you there.

[*Exit Arethusa.*]

Meg. She's jealous, as I live; look you my Lord,
The Princess has a *Hilas*, an *Adonis*.

Pha. His Form is Angel-like.

Meg. Why this is he, must, when you are wed,
Sit by your Pillow, like young *Apollo*, with
His Hand and Voice, binding your Thoughts in Sleep;
The Princess does provide him for you, and for her self.

Pha. I find no Musick in these Boys. *Meg.* Nor I.
They can do little, and that small they do,
They have not Wit to hide.

Dion. Serves he the Princess? *Thra.* Yes.

Dion. 'Tis a sweet Boy, how brave she keeps him!

Pha. Ladies all good rest; I mean to kill a Buck
To morrow Morning, e'er you've done your Dreams.

Meg. All happiness attend your Grace, Gentlemen good rest,
Come shall we to Bed?

Gal. Yes, all good Night.

[*Ex. Gal. and Meg.*]

Dion. May your Dreams be true to you;
What shall we do, Gallants? 'Tis late, the King
Is up still, see, he comes, a Guard along
With him.

Enter King, Arethusa and Guard.

King. Look your Intelligence be true.

Are. Upon my Life it is. And I do hope,
Your Highness will not tye me to a Man,
That in the heat of Wooing throws me off,
And takes another. *Dion.* What should this mean?

King.

King. If it be true,
That Lady had much better have embrac'd
Cureless Diseases; get you to your rest. [*Ex. Are. and Bel.*
You shall be righted: Gentlemen draw near,
We shall imploy you: Is young *Pharamond*
Come to his Lodging? *Dion.* I saw him enter there.

King. Haste some of you, and cunningly discover
If *Megra* be in her Lodging. *Cle.* Sir,
She parted hence but now with other Ladies.

King. If she be there, we shall not need to make
A vain discovery of our Suspicion.
You Gods, I see, that who unrighteously
Holds Wealth or State from others, shall be curst,
In that, which meaner Men are blest withal:
Ages to come shall know no Male of him
Left to inherit, and his Name shall be
Blotted from Earth: If he have any Child,
It shall be crossly match'd; the Gods themselves
Shall sow wild Strife betwixt her Lord and her.
Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the Sin
I have committed, let it not fall
Upon this understanding Child of mine,
She has not broke your Laws; but how can I,
Look to be heard of Gods, that must be just,
Praying upon the Ground I hold by wrong?

Enter Dion.

Dion. Sir, I have asked, and her Women swear she is within,
but they I think are Bawds; I told 'em I must speak with her:
They laugh'd, and said their Lady lay speechless. I said, my bu-
siness was important; they said their Lady was about it. I grew hot,
and cried my business was a matter that concern'd Life and Death;
they answer'd, so was Sleeping, at which their Lady was; I urg'd
again, she had scarce time to be so since last I saw her; they smil'd
again, and seem'd to instruct me, that Sleeping was nothing but
lying down and winking: Answers more direct I could not get:
In short, Sir, I think she is not there.

King. 'Tis then no time to dally: You o'th' Guard,
Wait at the back-door of the Prince's Lodging,
And see that none pass thence upon your Lives.
Knock Gentlemen: Knock loud: louder yet:
What, has their Pleasure taken off their hearing?
I'll break your Meditations. Knock again:
Not yet? I do not think he sleeps, having this
Larum by him; once more, *Pharamond*, Prince.

Pharamond above.

Pha. What sawey Groom knocks at this dead of Night?

Where

Where be our Waiters? By my vexed Soul,
He meets his Death, that meets me, for this boldness.

King. Prince, you wrong your Thoughts, we are your Friends,
Come down. *Pha.* The King?

King. The same Sir, come down,
We have cause of present Counsel with you.

Pha. If your Grace please to use me, I'll attend you
To your Chamber. [*Pha. below.*]

King. No, 'tis too late Prince, I'll make bold with yours.

Pha. I have some private Reasons to my self,
Makes me unmannerly, and say you cannot;
Nay, press not forward Gentlemen, he must come
Through my Life, that comes here. [*Enters.*]

King. Sir, be resolv'd, I must and will come.

Pha. I will not be dishonour'd;
He that enters, enters upon his Death.
Sir, 'tis a sign you make no Stranger of me,
To bring these Renegadoes to my Chamber,
At these unseason'd hours. *King.* Why do you
Chafe your self so? You are not wrong'd, nor shall be;
Only I'll search your Lodging, for some cause
To our self known: Enter, I say.

Pha. I say no.

[*Meg. Above.*]

Meg. Let 'em enter, Prince,
Let 'em enter, I am up, and ready; I know their business,
'Tis the poor breaking of a Lady's Honour,
They hunt so hotly after; let 'em enjoy it.
You have your business Gentlemen, I lay here.
O my Lord the King, this is not noble in you
To make publick the Weakness of a Woman.

King. Come down.

Meg. I dare, my Lord; your Whootings and your Clamors,
Your private Whispers, and your broad Fleerings,
Can no more vex my Soul, than this base Carriage;
But I have Vengeance yet in store for some,
Shall in the most contempt you can have of me,
Be joy and nourishment.

King. Will you come down?

Meg. Yes, to laugh at your worst: But I shall wrong you,
If my skill fail me not.

King. Sir, I must dearly chide you for this looseness;
You have wrong'd a worthy Lady; but no more,
Conduct him to my Lodging, and to Bed.

Cle. Get him another Wench, and you bring him to Bed indeed.

Dion. 'Tis strange a Man cannot ride a Stag
Or two, to breath himself, without a Warrant:

If this Geer hold, that Lodgings be search'd thus,
Pray Heav'n we may lye with our own Wives in Safety,
That they be not by some trick of State mistaken.

Enter Megra.

King. Now Lady of Honour, where's your Honour now?
No Man can fit your Palate, but the Prince.
Thou most ill-shrowded rottenness; thou piece
Made by a Painter and a Potheecary;
Thou troubled Sea of Lust; thou WilderNESS,
Inhabited by wild Thoughts; thou swoln Cloud
Of Infection; thou ripe Mine of all Diseases;
Thou all Sin, all Hell, and last, all Devils, tell me,
Had you none to pull on with your Courtesies,
But he that must be mine, and wrong my Daughter?
By all the Gods, all these, and all the Pages,
And all the Court shall hoot thee through the Court,
Fling rotten Oranges, make ribald Rimes,
And sear thy Name with Candles upon Walls:
Do you laugh, Lady *Venus*?

Meg. Faith Sir, you must pardon me;
I cannot chuse but laugh to see you merry.
If you do this, O King; nay, if you dare do it;
By all those Gods you swore by, and as many
More of my own; I will have Fellows, and such
Fellows in it, as shall make noble Mirth;
The Princess, your dear Daughter, shall stand by me
On Walls, and sung in Ballads, any thing:
Urge me no more, I know her and her haunts,
Her Layes, Leaps, and Outlayes, and will discover all;
Nay will dishonour her. I know the Boy
She keeps, a handsome Boy; about eighteen:
Know what she does with him, where, and when.
Come Sir, you put me to a Woman's madness,
The glory of a fury; and if I do not
Do it to the height——

King. What Boy is this she raves at?

Meg. Alas! good-minded Prince, you know not these things?
I am loth to reveal 'em. Keep this Fault
As you would keep your Health from the hot Air
Of the corrupted People, or by Heav'n,
I will not fall alone: What I have known,
Shall be as publick as a Print; all Tongues
Shall speak it, as they do the Language they
Are born in, as free and commonly; I'll set it
Like a prodigious Star for all to gaze at,
And so high and glowing, that other Kingdoms far and Foreign
Shall

Shall read it here, nay travel with it, 'till they find
No Tongue to make it more, nor no more People;
And then behold the fall of your fair Princess.

King. Has she a Boy?

[*Boy.*

Cle. So please your Grace I have seen a Boy wait on her, a fair

King. Go get you to your Quarter:

For this time I'll study to forget you.

Meg. Do you study to forget me, and I'll study
To forget you.

[*Ex. King, Meg. and Guard.*

Cle. Why here's a Male Spirit for *Hercules*, if ever there be nine
worthies of Women, this Wench shall ride astride, and be their
Captain.

Dion. Sure she has a Garrison of Devils in her Tongue, she ut-
tereth such balls of Wild-fire. She has so nettled the King, that all
the Doctors in the Country will scarce cure him. That Boy was a
strange found-out Antidote to cure her Infection: that Boy, that
Princess Boy; that brave, chaste, virtuous Lady's Boy; and a fair
Boy, a well spoken Boy: All these consider'd, can make nothing
else—but there I leave you, Gentlemen.

Thra. Nay we'll go wander with you.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Cleremont, Dion, and Thrasiline.

Cle. **N**AY doubtless 'tis true.

Dion. Ay, and 'tis the Gods
That rais'd this Punishment, to scourge the King
With his own Issue: Is it not a shame
For us, that should write Noble in the Land;
For us, that should be Freemen, to behold
A Man, that is the Bravery of his Age,
Philaster, prest down from his Royal Right,
By this regardless King; and only look,
And see the Scepter ready to be cast
Into the hands of that lascivious Lady,
That lives in lust with a smooth Boy, now to be
Married to yon strange Prince, who, but that People
Please to let him be a Prince, is born a Slave,
In that which should be his most Noble Part,
His Mind? *Thra.* That Man that would not stir with you,
To aid *Philaster*, let the Gods forget
That such a Creature walks upon the Earth.

Cle. *Philaster* is too backward in't himself;
The Gentry do await it, and the People,
Against their Nature, are all bent for him,

D

And

And like a Field of standing Corn, that's mov'd
With a stiff Gale, their Heads bow all one way.

Dion. The only Cause that draws *Philaster* back
From this Attempt, is the fair Princess Love,
Which he admires, and we can now confute.

Thra. Perhaps he'll not believe it.

Dion. Why Gentlemen, 'tis without question so.

Cle. Ay 'tis past speech she lives dishonestly.
But how shall we, if he be curious, work
Upon his Faith?

Thra. We all are satisfied within our selves.

Dion. Since it is true, and tends to his own good,
I'll make this new Report to be my Knowledge,
I'll say I know it, nay, I'll swear I saw it.

Cle. It must be best. *Thra.* 'Twill move him.

Enter Philaster.

Dion. Here he comes. Good morrow to your Honour,
We have spent some time in seeking you.

Phi. My worthy Friends,
You that can keep your Memories to know
Your Friend in miseries, and cannot frown
On Men disgrac'd for Virtue; a good Day
Attend you all. What Service may I do worthy your acceptance?

Dion. My good Lord,
We come to urge that Virtue which we know
Lives in your Breast, forth; rise, and make a Head,
The Nobles and the People are all dull'd
With this usurping King; and not a Man
That ever heard the word, or knew such a thing
As Virtue, but will second your Attempts.

Phi. How honourable is this Love in you
To me that have deserv'd none? Know, my Friends,
(You that were born to shame your poor *Philaster*,
With too much Courtesie) I cou'd afford
To melt my self in thanks; but my Designs
Are not yet ripe; suffice it, that e'er long
I shall imploy your Loves: but yet the time is short of what I wou'd.

Dion. The time is fuller, Sir, than you expect;
That which hereafter will not perhaps be reach'd
By violence, may now be caught. As for the King,
You know the People have long hated him;
But now the Princess, whom they lov'd——

Phi. Why, what of her?

Dion. Is loath'd as much as he.

Phi. By what strange means?

Dion. She's known a Whore. *Phi.* Thou lyest.

Dion.

Dion. My Lord——

Phi. Thou lyest,

[Offers to draw, and is held.

And thou shalt feel it; I had thought thy Mind
Had been of Honour; thus to rob a Lady
Of her good Name, is an Infectious Sin,
Not to be pardon'd; be it false as Hell,
'Twill never be redeem'd, if it be sown
Amongst the People, fruitful to increase
All evil they shall hear. Let me alone,
That I may cut off Falshood, whilst it springs.
Set Hills on Hills betwixt me and the Man
That utters this, and I will scale them all,
And from the utmost top fall on his Neck,
Like Thunder from a Cloud. *Dion.* This is most strange;

Sure he does love her. *Phi.* I do love fair Truth:

She is my Mistress, and who injures her,
Draws Vengeance from me. Sirs, let go my Arms.

Thra. Nay, good my Lord be patient.

Cle. Sir, remember this is your honour'd Friend,
That comes to do his Service, and will shew you
Why he utter'd this. *Phil.* I ask you pardon Sir,
My zeal to Truth made me unmannerly:
Should I have heard Dishonour spoke of you,
Behind your Back untruly, I had been
As much distemper'd, and enrag'd, as now.

Dion. But this, my Lord, is Truth.

Phi. O say not so, good Sir, forbear to say so,
'Tis the truth that all Womankind is false;
Urge it no more, it is impossible;
Why should you think the Princess light?

Dion. Why, she was taken at it.

Phi. 'Tis false, O Heav'n 'tis false; it cannot be.
Can it? Speak Gentlemen, for Love of Truth speak;
Is't possible? can Women all be damn'd?

Dion. Why no, my Lord.

Phi. Why then it cannot be.

Dion. And she was taken with her Boy.

Phi. What Boy? *Dion.* A Page, a Boy that serves her.

Phi. O good Gods, a little Boy?

Dion. Ay, know you him, my Lord?

Phi. Hell and Sin! know him? Sir, you are deceiv'd;
I'll reason it a little coldly with you;
If she were lustful, would she take a Boy,
That knows not yet Desire? she would have one
Should meet her Thoughts, and know the Sin he acts,
Which is the great delight of Wickedness;

You are abus'd, and so is she, and I.

Dion. How, you my Lord?

Phi. Why all the World's abus'd
In an unjust Report. *Dion.* Oh noble Sir, your Virtues
Cannot look into the subtle Thoughts of Woman.
In short my Lord, I took them: I my self.

Phi. Now all the Devils thou didst, flye from my Rage:
Would thou hadst ta'en Devils ingendring Plagues,
When thou didst take them; hide thee from my Eyes.
Would thou hadst taken Thunder on thy Breast,
When thou didst take them, or been stricken dumb
For ever; that this foul deed might have slept in silence.

Thra. Have you known him so ill temper'd?

Cle. Never before.

Phi. The Winds that are let loose,
From the four several Corners of the Earth,
And spread themselves all over Sea and Land,
Kiss not a chaste one. What Friend bears a Sword
To run me through?

Dion. Why, my Lord, are you so mov'd at this?

Phi. When any falls from Virtue I am distract,
I have an Interest in't.

Dion. But good my Lord recal your self,
And think what's best to be done.

Phi. I thank you. I will do it;
Please you to leave me, I'll consider of it:
To morrow I will find your Lodging forth,
And give you Answer

The readiest way. *Dion.* All the Gods direct you.

Thra. He was extream impatient.

Cle. It was his Virtue and his noble Mind.

[*Exeunt Dion, Cle. and Thra.*]

Phi. I had forgot to ask him where he took them;
I'll follow him. O that I had a Sea
Within my Breast, to quench the Fire I feel;
More Circumstances will but fan this Fire;
It more afflicts me now, to know by whom
This Deed is done, than simply that 'tis done:
And he that tells me this is honourable,
As far from Lies, as she is far from Truth.
O that like Beasts, we could not grieve our selves,
With that we see not; Bulls and Rams will fight,
To keep their Females standing in their sight;
But take 'em from them, and you take at once
Their Spleens away, and they will fall again
Unto their Pastures, growing fresh and fat,

And

And taste the Waters of the Springs as sweet
As 'twas before, finding no start in sleep.
But miserable Man——See, see, you Gods,

Enter Bellario.

He walks still; and the Face you let him wear
When he was innocent, is still the same,
Not blasted; Is this Justice? Do you mean
To intrap Mortality, that you allow
Treason so smooth a Brow? I cannot now
Think he is guilty. *Bel.* Health to you my Lord;
The Princess doth commend her Love, her Life,
And this unto you. *Phi.* Oh *Bellarion*,
Now I perceive she loves me, she does shew it
In loving thee my Boy, she has made thee brave.

Bel. My Lord, she has attired me past my wish,
Past my desert, more fit for her Attendant,
Though far unfit for me, who do attend.

Phi. Thou art grown courtly, Boy. O let all Women,
That love black deeds, learn to dissemble here.
Here, by this Paper she does write to me,
As if her Heart were Mines of Adamant
To all the World besides, but unto me,
A Maiden snow that melted with my Looks.
Tell me, my Boy, how doth the Princess use thee?
For I shall guess her love to me by that.

Bel. Scarce like her Servant, but as if I were
Something ally'd to her; or had preserv'd
Her Life three times by my fidelity.
As Mothers fond do use their only Sons;
As I'd use one, that's left unto my trust,
For whom my Life should pay, if he met harm,
So she does use me. *Phi.* Why, this is wondrous well:
But what kind Language does she feed thee with?

Bel. Why she does tell me, she will trust my Youth
With all her loving Secrets; and does call me
Her pretty Servant, bids me weep no more
For leaving you; she'll see my Services
Regarded; and such Words of that soft strain,
That I am nearer weeping when she ends
Than e'er she spake. *Phi.* This is much better still.

Bel. Are you ill, my Lord?

Phi. Ill? No, *Bellarion*.

Bel. Methinks your Words
Fall not from off your Tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your Looks that quietness,
That I was wont to see.

Phi.

Phi. Thou art deceiv'd, Boy:
And she stroaks thy Head? *Bel.* Yes.

Phi. And she does clap thy Cheeks?

Bel. She does, my Lord.

Phi. And she does kiss thee, Boy? ha!

Bel. How my Lord?

Phi. She kisses thee? *Bel.* Not so, my Lord.

Phi. Come, come, I know she does.

Bel. No by my Life.

Phi. Why then she does not love me; come, she does,
I bad her do it; I charg'd her by all charms
Of Love between us, by the hope of Peace
We should enjoy, to yield thee all Delights
Naked, as to her Bed: I took her Oath
Thou should'st enjoy her: Tell me, gentle Boy,
Is she not parallel's? Is not her Breath
Sweet as *Arabian* Winds, when Fruits are ripe?
Are not her Breasts two liquid Ivory Balls?
Is she not all a lasting Mine of Joy?

Bel. Ay, now I see why my disturbed Thoughts
Were so perplext. When first I went to her,
My Heart held augury; you are abus'd,
Some Villain has abus'd you; I do see
Whereto you tend; fall Rocks upon his Head,
That put this to you; 'tis some subtil Train,
To bring that noble Frame of yours to nought.

Phi. Thou think'st I will be angry with thee; Come
Thou shalt know all my drift, I hate her more
Than I love Happiness, and plac'd thee there,
To pry with narrow Eyes into her Deeds.
Hast thou discover'd? Is she faln to Lust,
As I would wish her? Speak some Comfort to me.

Bel. My Lord, you did mistake the Boy you sent:
Had she the lust of Sparrows, or of Goats;
Had she a sin that way, hid from the World,
Beyond the name of Lust, I would not aid
Her base Desires; but what I came to know
As Servant to her, I would not reveal, to make my Life last Ages.

Phi. Oh my Heart; this is a Salve worse than the main Disease.
Tell me thy Thoughts; for I will know the least
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy Heart
To know it; I will see thy Thoughts as plain
As I do now thy Face. *Bel.* Why, so you do.
She is (for ought I know) by all the Gods,
As chaste as Ice; but were she foul as Hell
And I did know it, thus; the Breath of Kings,

The

The points of Swords, Tortures nor Bulls of Brass,
Should draw it from me.

Phi. Then 'tis no time to dally with thee;
I will take thy Life, for I do hate thee; I cou'd curse thee now.

Bel. If you do hate, you could not curse me worse;
The Gods have not a Punishment in store
Greater for me, than is your Hate.

Phi. Fie, fie, so young and so dissembling;
Tell me when and where thou did'st enjoy her,
Or let Plagues fall on me, if I destroy thee not.

Bel. Heav'n knows I never did: and when I lie
To save my Life, may I live long and loath'd:
Hew me asunder, and whilst I can think
I'll love those pieces you have cut away,
Better than those that grow; and kiss these Limbs,
Because you made 'em so

Phi. Fear'st thou not Death?
Can Boys contemn that? *Bel.* Oh, what Boy is he
Can be content to live to be a Man,
That sees the best of Men thus passionate, thus, without reason?

Phi. Oh, but thou dost not know what 'tis to Die.

Bel. Yes, I do know, my Lord;
'Tis less than to be born; a lasting Sleep,
A quiet resting from all Jealousie;
A thing we all pursue; I know besides,
It is but giving over of a Game that must be lost.

Phi. But there are Pains, false Boy,
For perjur'd Souls; think but on these, and then
Thy Heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.

Bel. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjur'd, or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with; if I be false,
Send me to suffer in those Punishments you speak of; kill me.

Phi. Oh what shou'd I do?
Why, who can but believe him? He does swear
So earnestly, that if it were not true,
The Gods would not endure him. Rise *Bellario*,
Thy Protections are so deep, and thou
Dost look so truly, when thou utterest them,
That though I know 'em false, as were my hopes,
I cannot urge thee further; but thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I must love
Thy honest Looks, and take no revenge upon
Thy tender Youth: A Love from me to thee
Is firm, whate'er thou dost: It troubles me
That I have call'd the Blood out of thy Cheeks

That

That did so well become thee; But good Boy
 Let me not see thee more; something is done,
 That will distract me, that will make me mad,
 If I behold thee; if thou tender'st me,
 Let me not see thee. *Bel.* I will fly as far
 As there is Morning, e'er I give dislaster
 To that most honour'd Mind. But through these Tears,
 Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see
 A World of Treason practis'd upon you,
 And her, and me. Farewell for evermore;
 If you shall hear, that Sorrow struck me dead,
 And after find me Loyal, let there be
 A Tear shed from you in my Memory,
 And I shall rest at peace. [Exit Bel.]

Phi. Blessing be with thee,
 Whatever thou deserv'st. Oh, where shall I
 Go bath my Body? Nature too unkind,
 That made no Medicine for a troubled Mind! [Ex. Phi.]

Enter Arethusa.

Are. I marvel my Boy comes not back again.
 But that I know my Love will question him
 Over and over; how I slept, wak'd, talk'd;
 How I remembred him when his dear Name
 Was last spoke; and how, when I sigh'd, wept, sung,
 And ten thousand such; I should be angry at his stay.

Enter King.

King. What are your Meditations? who attends you?

Are. None but my single self, I need no Guard,
 I do no wrong, nor fear none.

King. Tell me: Have you not a Boy? *Are.* Yes Sir.

King. What kind of Boy?

Are. A Page, a waiting Boy.

King. A handsome Boy?

Are. I think he be not ugly:

Well qualified, and dutiful, I know him,
 I took him not for Beauty.

King. He speaks, and sings, and plays?

Are. Yes Sir. *King.* About Eighteen?

Are. I never ask'd his Age. *King.* Is he full of Service?

Are. By your Pardon, why do you ask?

King. Put him away. *Are.* Sir?

King. Put him away, h'as done you that good Service,
 Shames me to speak of.

Are. Good Sir, let me understand you.

King. If you fear me, shew it in Duty; put away that Boy.

Are. Let me have reason for it, Sir, and then
 Your Will is my Command.

King.

King. Do not you blush to ask it? Cast him off,
Or I shall do the same to you. You're one
Shame with me, and so near unto my self,
That by my Life, I dare not tell my self,
What you, my self, have done.

Are. What have I done, my Lord?

King. 'Tis a new Language, that all love to learn,
The common People speak it well already,
They need no Grammar; understand me well,
There be foul whispers stirring; cast him off;
And suddenly do it: Farewell.

[Exit King.]

Are. Where may a Maiden live securely free,
Keeping her Honour safe? Not with the Living,
They feed upon Opinions, Errors, Dreams,
And make 'em Truths: They draw a Nourishment
Out of Defamings, grow upon Disgraces,
And when they see a Virtue fortified
Strongly above the battery of their Tongues;
Oh, how they cast to sink it; and defeated
(Soul-sick with Poison) strike the Monuments
Where noble Names lie sleeping; till they sweat,
And the cold Marble melt.

Enter Philaster.

Phi. Peace to your fairest Thoughts, dearest Mistress.

Are. Oh, my dearest Servant I have a War within me.

Phi. He must be more than Man, that makes these Crystals
Run into Rivers; sweetest Fair, the Cause;
And as I am your Slave, ty'd to your Goodness,
Your Creature made again from what I was,
And newly Spirited, I'll right your Honours.

Are. Oh, my best Love; that Boy! *Phi.* What Boy?

Are. The pretty Boy you gave me. *Phi.* What of him?

Are. Must be no more mine. *Phi.* Why?

Are. They are jealous of him. *Phi.* Jealous, who?

Are. The King. *Phi.* Oh, my Fortune,
Then 'tis no idle Jealousie. Let him go.

Are. Oh cruel, are you hard-hearted too?
Who shall now tell you, how much I lov'd you?
Who shall swear it to you, and weep the Tears I send?
Who shall now bring you Letters, Rings, Bracelets,
Lose his Health in Service? wake tedious Nights
In stories of your Praise? Who shall sing
Your crying Elegies? And strike a sad Soul
Into senseless Pictures, and make them mourn?
Who shall take up his Lute, and touch it till
He crown a silent Sleep upon my Eye-lid,

E

Making

Making me dream, and cry, Oh my dear, dear *Philaster*.

Phi. Oh my Heart!

Would he had broken thee, that made thee know

This Lady was not Loyal. Mistress, forget

The Boy, I'll get thee a far better.

Are. Oh never, never such a Boy again, as my *Bellarion*.

Phi. 'Tis but your fond Affection.

Are. With thee, my Boy, farewell for ever

All Secrecy in Servants: Farewell Faith,

And all Desire to do well for it self:

Let all that shall succeed thee, for thy Wrongs,

Sell and betray chaste Love.

Phi. And all this Passion for a Boy?

Are. He was your Boy, and you put him to me,

And the loss of such must have a Mourning for.

Phi. O thou forgetful Woman! *Are.* How, my Lord?

Phi. False *Arethusa*!

Hast thou a Medicine to restore my Wits,

When I have lost 'em? If not, leave to talk, and do thus.

Are. Do what, Sir? Would you sleep?

Phi. For ever, *Arethusa*. Oh you Gods,

Give me a worthy Patience; Have I stood

Naked, alone the shock of many Fortunes?

Have I seen Mischiefs numberless, and mighty,

Grow like a Sea upon me? Have I taken

Danger as stern as Death into my Bosom,

And laugh'd upon it, made it but a Mirth,

And flung it by? Do I live now like him,

Under this Tyrant King, that languishing

Hears his sad Bell, and sees his Mourners? Do I

Bear all this bravely, and must sink at length

Under a Woman's falshood? Oh that Boy,

The cursed Boy! None but a villain Boy, to ease your Lust!

Are. Nay, then I am betray'd,
I feel the Plot cast for my Overthrow; Oh I am wretched.

Phi. Now you may take that little right I have

To this poor Kingdom; give it to your Joy,

For I have no joy in it. Some far Place,

Where never Womankind durst set her Foot;

For bursting with her poisons, must I seek,

And live to Curse you;

There dig a Cave, and preach to Birds and Beasts,

What Woman is, and help to save them from you.

How Heav'n is in your Eyes, but in your Hearts.

More Hell than Hell has; how your Tongues like Scorpions;

Both heal and poison; how your Thoughts are woven with

With

With thousand changes in one subtle Webb,
And worn so by you. How that foolish Man,
That reads the story of a Woman's Face,
And dies believing it, is lost for ever.
How all the good you have, is but a Shadow,
I'th' Morning with you, and at Night behind you,
Past and forgotten. How your Vows are Frosts,
Fast for a Night, and with the next Sun gone.
How you are, being taken all together,
A meer Confusion, and so dead a Chaos,
That Love cannot distinguish. These sad Texts,
Till my last hour, I am bound to utter of you.
So farewell all my Wo, all my Delight.

[Exit Phi.

Arc. Be merciful ye Gods, and strike me dead;
What way have I deserv'd this? Make my Breast
Transparent as pure Chrystal, that the World,
Jealous of me, may see the foulest Thought
My Heart holds. Where shall a Woman turn her Eyes,
To find out Constancy? Save me, how black,
And Guilty, methinks, that Boy looks now?
Oh thou Dissembler, that before thou spak'st
Wert in thy Cradle false? Sent to make lies,
And betray Innocents; thy Lord and thou,
May glory in the Ashes of a Maid
Fool'd by her Passion; but the Conquest is
Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away,
Let my Command force thee to that, which shame
Would do without it. If thou understoodst
The loathed Office thou hast undergone,
Why, thou wouldst hide thee under heaps of Hills,
Lest Men should dig and find thee. *Bel.* Oh what God,
Angry with Men, hath sent this strange Disease
Into the noblest Minds? Madam, this Grief
You add unto me is no more than drops
To Seas, for which they are not seen to swell;
My Lord had struck his Anger through my Heart,
And let out all the hope of future joys:
You need not bid me fly, I came to part,
To take my latest leave, Farewell for ever;
I durst not run away in honesty,
From such a Lady, like a Boy that stole,
Or made some grievous Fault; the pow'r of Gods
Assist you in your Saff rings, hasty time
Reveal the Truth to your abused Lord,
And mine; that he may know your Worth: Whilst I
Go seek out some forgotten Place to die.

[Enter Bel.

[Exit Bel.

Are. Peace guide thee, thou'ast overthrown me once,
Yet if I had another *Trey* to lose,
Thou or another Villain with thy Looks,
Might talk me out of it, and send me naked,
My Hair dishevel'd, through the fiery Streets.

Enter a Lady.

La. Madam, the King would hunt, and calls for you
With earnestness. *Are.* I am in tune to hunt!
Diana, if thou canst rage with a Maid,
As with a Man, let me discover thee
Bathing, and turn me to a fearful Hind,
That I may die pursu'd by cruel Hounds,
And have my Story written in my Wounds.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa, Galatea, Megra, Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline, and Attendants.

King. **W**Hat, are the Hounds before, and all the Woodmen?
Our Horses ready, and our Bows bent?

Dion. All Sir.

King. You're cloudy Sir, come we have forgotten
Your venial Trespas, let not that sit heavy
Upon your Spirit; none dare utter it.

Dion. He looks like an old surfeited Stallion after his Leaping,
dull as a Dormouse: See how he sinks; the Wench has shot him
betwixt Wind and Water, and I hope sprung a Leak.

Thra. He needs no teaching, he strikes sure enough; his greatest
fault is, he Hunts too much in the Purlues, would he would leave
off Poaching.

Dion. And for his Horn, has left it at the Lodge where he lay
late; Oh, he's a precious Lime-hound; turn him loose upon the
pursuit of a Lady, and if he lose her, hang him up i'th' slip. When
my Fox-bitch Beauty grows proud, I'll borrow him.

King. Is your Boy turn'd away?

Are. You did command it Sir, and I obey you.

King. 'Tis well done: Hark ye further.

Cle. Is't possible this Fellow should repent? Methinks that were
not noble in him; and yet he looks like a mortified Member, as
if he had a sick Man's Slave in's Mouth. If a worse Man had done
this fault now, some Physical Justice or other would presently
(without the help of an Almanack) have opened the obstructions of
his Liver, and let him blood with a Dog-whip.

Dion. See, see, how modestly your Lady looks, as if she came
from

from Churching with her Neighbour; why, what a Devil can a Man see in her Face, but that she's honest?

Pha. Troth no great matter to speak of, a foolish twinkling with the Eye, that spoils her Coat; but he must be a cunning Herald that finds it.

Dion. See how they muster one another! O there's a Rank Regiment where the Devil carries the Colours, and his Dam Drum-Major, now the World and the Flesh come behind with the Carriage.

Cle. Sure this Lady has a good turn done her against her Will: Before she was common Talk, now none dare say, Cantharides can stir her, her Face looks like a Warrant, willing and commanding all Tongues, as they will answer it, to be tied up and bolted when this Lady means to let herself loose. As I live she has got her a goodly Protection, and a gracious; and may use her Body discreetly; for her Healths sake, once a Weak, excepting Lent and Dog-days: Oh if they were to be got for Mony, what a great sum would come out of the City for these Licences?

King. To horse, to horse, we lose the Morning, Gentlemen.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter two Woodmen.

1 *Wood.* What, have you lodg'd the Deer?

2 *Wood.* Yes, they are ready for the Bow.

1 *Wood.* Who shoots?

2 *Wood.* The Princess.

1 *Wood.* No, she'll Hunt.

2 *Wood.* She'll take a Stand, I say.

1 *Wood.* Who else?

2 *Wood.* Why the young Stranger prince.

1 *Wood.* He shall shoot in a Stone-bow for me. I never lov'd his beyond-sea-ship, since he forsook the Say, for paying Ten Shillings: He was there at the fall of a Deer, and would needs (out of his Mightiness) give Ten Groats for the Dowcers; marry the Steward would have had the Velvet-head into the bargain, to Turf his Hat withal: I think he should love Venery; he is an old Sir *Trisfram*; for if you be remember'd, he forsook the Stag once, to strike a Rascal milking in a Meadow, and her he kill'd in the Eye. Who shoot's else? 2 *Wood.* The Lady *Galatea*.

1 *Wood.* That's a good Wench, and she would not chide us for rumbling of her Women in the Brakes. She's liberal, and by my Bow they say she's honest, and whether that be a fault, I have nothing to do. There's all?

2 *Wood.* No, one more, *Megra*.

1 *Wood.* That's a firker I' faith Boy; there's a Wench will Ride her Haunches as hard after a Kennel of Hounds, as a Hunting-saddle; and when she comes home, get 'em clapt, and all is well again.

I have known her lose her self three times in one afternoon (if the Woods had been answerable) and it has been work enough for one Man to find her, and he has sweat for it. She Rides well, and she Pays well. Hark, let's go. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Philaster.

Phi. Oh, that I had been nourish'd in these Woods
With Milk of Goats, and Acorns, and not known
The right of Crowns, nor the dissembling Trains
Of Womens looks; but digg'd my self a Cave,
Where I, my Fire, my Cattle, and my Bed
Might have been shut together in one Shed;
And then had taken me some Mountain Girl,
Beaten with Winds, chaste as the harden'd Rocks
Whereon she dwells; that might have strew'd my Bed
With Leaves, and Reeds, and with the Skins of Beasts
Our Neighbours; and have born at her big Breasts
My large course Issue. This had been a life free from Vexation.

Enter Bellario.

Bel. Oh wicked Men!

An innocent Man may walk safe among Beasts,
Nothing assaults me here. See, my griev'd Lord
Sits as his Soul were searching out a way
To leave his Body. Pardon me, that must
Break thy last Commandment; for I must speak;
You that are griev'd can pity; hear my Lord.

Phi. Is there a Creature yet so miserable,
That I can pity? *Bel.* Oh my Noble Lord,
View my strange Fortune, and bestow on me,
According to your Bounty (if my Service
Can merit nothing) so much as may serve
To keep that little piece I hold of Life
From Cold and Hunger. *Phi.* Is it thou? Be gone:
Go sell those misbecoming Cloaths thou wear'st,
And feed thy self with them.

Bel. Alas! my Lord, I can get nothing for them:
The silly Country People think 'tis Treason
To touch such gay things.

Phi. Now by my Life this is
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight,
Thou'rt fain again to thy dissembling Trade:
How shouldst thou think to cozen me again?
Remains there yet a Plague untry'd for me?
Even so thou wept'st and spok'st when first
I took thee up; curse on the time. If thy
Commanding Tears can work on any other,
Use thy Art, I'll not betray it. Which way

Wilt

Wilt thou take, that I may shun thee;
For thine Eyes are Poison to mine; and I
Am loth to grow in Rage. This way, or that way?

Bel. Any will serve. But I will chuse to have
That Path in chase that leads unto my Grave.

[*Exeunt Phil. and Bel. severally.*

Enter Dion and the Woodmen.

Dion. This is the strangest sudden change! You *Woodman*.

1 Wood. My Lord *Dion*.

Dion. Saw you a Lady come this way on a Sable-horse stubbed
with Stars of white?

2 Wood. Was she not Young and Tall?

Dion. Yes; Rode she to the Wood, or to the Plain?

2 Wood. Faith my Lord we saw none. [*Exeunt Wood.*

Enter Cleremont.

Dion. Pox of your Questions then. What, is she found?

Cle. Nor will be, I think.

Dion. Let him seek his Daughter himself; she cannot stray about
a little necessary natural business, but the whole Court must be in
Arms; when she has done, we shall have Peace.

Cle. There's already a thousand fatherless Tales amongst us; some
say her Horse run away with her; some, a Wolf pursued her;
others, it was a Plot to kill her; and that armed Men were seen in
the Wood: but questionless, she rode away willingly.

Enter King, and Thrasiline,

King. Where is she? *Cle.* Sir, I cannot tell.

King. How is that? Answer me so again.

Cle. Sir, shall I lie?

King. Yes lie and damn, rather than tell me that;
I say again, where is she? Mutter not;

Sir, speak you where is she? *Dion.* Sir, I do not know.

King. Speak that again so boldly, and by Heav'n
It is thy last. You Fellows answer me,

Where is she? Mark me all, I am your King.

I wish to see my Daughter, shew her me;

I do command you all, as you are Subjects,

To shew her me: What, am I not your King?

If I, then am I not to be obeyed?

Dion. Yes, if you command things possible and honest.

King. Things possible and honest! Hear me, thou,
Thou Traytor, that darest confine thy King to things
Possible and honest; shew her me,

Or let me perish, if I cover not all *Cicily* with Blood.

Dion. Indeed I cannot, unless you tell me where she is.

King. You have betray'd me, y^e have let me lose
The Jewel of my Life; go, bring her me,

And

And set her before me; 'tis the King
Will have it so, whose Breath can still the Winds,
Uncloud the Sun, charm down the swelling Sea,
And stop the Floods of Heav'n; speak, can it not?

Dion. No. *King.* No! cannot the Breath of Kings do this?

Dion. No; nor smell sweet it self, if once the Lungs
Be but corrupted. *King.* Is it so? Take heed.

Dion. Sir, take you heed; how you dare the Pow'r
That must be just. *King.* Alas! what are we Kings;
Why do you Gods place us above the rest;
To be serv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd, till we
Believe we hold within our Hands your Thunder,
And when we come to try the Pow'r we have,
There's not a Leaf shakes at our Threatnings.
I have sinn'd 'tis true, and here stand to be punish'd;
Yet would not thus be punish'd; let me chuse
My way, and lay it on.

Dion. He Articles with the Gods; would some Body would draw
Bonds, for the performance of Covenants betwixt them.

Enter Pharamond, Galatea, and Megra.

King. What, is she found?

Pha. No, we have ta'en her Horse.

He gallop'd empty by: There's some Treason;
You *Galatea* rode with her into the Wood; why left you her?

Gal. She did command me.

King. Command! you should not.

Gal. 'Twould ill become my Fortunes and my Birth
To disobey the Daughter of my King.

King. You're all cunning to obey us for our hurt,
But I will have her. *Pha.* If I have her not,
By this Hand there shall be no more *Citily*.

Dion. What, will he carry it to *Spain* in's Pocket?

Pha. I will not leave one Man alive, but the King,
A Cook and a Taylor.

Dion. Yet you may do well to spare your Lady's Bed-fellow,
and her you may keep for a Spawner.

King. I see the Injuries I have done must be reveng'd.

Dion. Sir, this is not the way to find her out.

King. Run all, disperse your selves: the Man that finds her,
Or (if she be kill'd) the Traitor; I'll make him great.

Dion. I know some would give five thousand Pounds to find her.

Pha. Come let us seek.

King. Each Man a several way, here I my self.

Dion. Come, Gentlemen, we here.

Cle. Lady, you must go search too.

Meg. I had rather be search'd my self.

[*Exeunt omnes.*
Enter

Enter Arethusa.

Are. Where am I now? Feet find me out a way,
Without the counsel of my troubled Head,
I'll follow you boldly about these Woods,
O'er Mountains, thorow Brambles, Pits, and Floods:
Heav'n I hope will ease me. I am Sick.

Enter Bellario.

Bel. Yonder's my Lady; Heav'n knows I want nothing,
Because I do not wish to live, yet I
Will try her Charity. O hear, you that have Plenty,
From that flowing store, drop some on dry Ground; see,
The lively red is gone to guard her Heart;
I fear she faints. Madam, look up; she breaths not;
Open once more those rosc twins, and send
Unto my Lord, your latest Farewell; Oh, she stirs:
How is it, Madam? Speak comfort.

Are. 'Tis not gently done,
To put me in a miserable Life,
And hold me there; I pray thee let me go,
I shall do best without thee; I am well.

Enter Philaster.

Phi. I am to blame to be so much in Rage,
I'll tell her coolly, when and where I heard
This killing Truth. I will be temperate
In speaking, and as just in hearing.
Oh monstrous! Tempt me not ye Gods, good Gods
Tempt not a frail Man, what's he, that has a Heart
But he must ease it here?

Bel. My Lord, help the Princess.

Are. I am well, forbear.

Phi. Let me love Lightning, let me be embrac'd
And kiss'd by Scorpions, or adore the Eyes
Of Basilisks, rather than trust to Tongues,
And shrink these Veins up; stick me here a Stone
Lasting to Ages in the memory
Of this damn'd Act. Hear me you wicked ones,
You have put the Hills on fire into this Breast,
Not to be quench'd with Tears, for which may Guilt
Sit on your Bosoms; at your Meals, and Beds,
Despair await you: what, before my Face?
Poyson of Asps between your Lips; Diseases
Be your best issues; Nature make a Curse
And throw it on you. *Are.* Dear *Philaster*, leave
To be enrag'd, and hear me. *Phi.* I have done
Forgive my Passion, not the calmed Sea,
When *Aeolus* locks up his windy brood,

Is less disturb'd than I, I'll make you know it.
 Dear *Arethusa*, do but take this Sword,
 And search how temperate a Heart I have;
 Then you and this your Boy, may live and reign
 In Lust, without controul. Wilt thou, *Bellarion*?
 I prithee kill me; thou art poor, and may'st
 Nourish ambitious Thoughts, when I am dead:
 This way were freer; Am I raging now?
 If I were mad I should desire to live;
 Sirs, feel my Pulse; whether have you known
 A Man in a more equal tune to dye?

Bel. Alas my Lord, your Pulse keeps Madmans time,
 So does your Tongue. *Pbi.* You will not kill me then?

Are. Kill you? *Bel.* Not for a World.

Pbi. I blame not thee,

Bellarion; thou hast done but that, which Gods
 Would have transform'd themselves to do; be gone,
 Leave me without Reply; this is the last
 Of all our meeting. Kill me with this Sword;
 Be wise, or worse will follow: we are two
 Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to do, or suffer.

Are. If my Fortunes be so good to let me fall
 Upon thy Hand, I shall have Peace in Death.

Yet tell me this, will there be no Slanders,
 No Jealousies in the other World, no Ill there? *Pbi.* No.

Are. Shew me then the way. *Pbi.* Then guide
 My feeble Hand, you that have Pow'r to do it,
 For I must perform a piece of Justice. If your Youth
 Have any way offended Heav'n, let Pray'rs
 Short and effectual reconcile you to it. *Are.* I am prepar'd.

Enter a Country Fellow.

Coun. I'll see the King if he be in the Forest, I have hunted him
 these two hours; if I should come home and not see him, my Si-
 sters would laugh at me; I can see nothing but People better horst
 than my self, that out-ride me; I can hear nothing but shouting.
 These Kings had need of good Brains, this whooping is able to put
 a mean Man out of his Wits. There's a Courtier with his Sword
 drawn, by this Hand upon a Woman, I think.

Pbi. Are you at Peace? *Are.* With Heav'n's and Earth.

Pbi. May they divide thy Soul and Body?

Coun. Hold Dastard, strike a Woman! thou'rt a Craven I war-
 rant thee, thou wouldst be loth to play half a dozen of Venies at
 Wasters with a good Fellow for a broken Head.

Pbi. Leave us, good Friend.

Are. What ill-bred Man art thou, to intrude thy self
 Upon our private Sports, our Recreations?

Coun.

Coun. Gad 'uds, I understand you not, but I know the Rogue has hurt you.

Phi. Pursue thy own Affairs: It will be ill
To multiply Blood upon my Head; which thou wilt force me to.

Coun. I know not your Rhetorick, but I can lay it on if you touch the Woman. [*They fight.*]

Phi. Slave, take what thou deserv'st.

Are. Heav'ns guard my Lord. *Coun.* Oh, do you breath?

Phi. I hear the tread of People: I am hurt.
The Gods take part against me, cou'd this Boor
Have held me thus else? I must shift for Life,
Though I do loath it. I would find a course
To lose it, rather by my will than force. [*Exit Phi.*]

Coun. I cannot follow the Rogue. I pray thee Wench come and kiss me now.

Enter Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline, and Woodmen.

Pha. What art thou?

Coun. Almost kill'd I am for a foolish Woman? a Knave has hurt her.

Pha. The Princess, Gentlemen! Where's the Wound, Madam?
Is it dangerous? *Are.* He has not hurt me.

Coun. I' faith she lies, h' as hurt her in the Breast, look else.

Pha. O Sacred Spring of innocent Blood!

Dion. 'Tis above wonder! Who should dare this?

Are. I felt it not.

Pha. Speak, Villain, who has hurt the Princess?

Coun. Is it the Princess? *Dion.* Ay.

Coun. Then I have seen something yet.

Pha. But who has hurt her?

Coun. I told you a Rogue, I ne'er saw him before, I.

Pha. Madam, who did it?

Are. Some dishonest Wretch, alas I know him not,
And do forgive him.

Coun. He's hurt too, he cannot go far, I made my Father's old
Fox flie about his Ears.

Pha. How will you have me kill him?

Are. Not at all, 'tis some distracted Fellow.

Pha. By this Hand, I'll leave ne'er a piece of him bigger than a
Nut, and bring him all in my Hat. *Are.* Nay, good Sir;

If you do take him, bring him quick to me,

And I will study for a Punishment,

Great as his Fault. *Pha.* I will. *Are.* But swear.

Pha. By all my Love I will: Woodmen, conduct the Princess
to the King, and bear that wounded Fellow to dressing: Come,
Gentlemen, we'll follow the Chase close.

[*Ex. Are: Pha. Di. Cle. Thra. and 1 Woodman.*]

Coun. I pray you, Friend, let me see the King.

2 Wood. That you shall, and receive thanks.

Coun. If I get clear with this, I'll go see no more gay fights. [*Ex.*

Enter Bellario.

Bel. A heaviness near Death sits on my Brow,
And I must sleep: Bear me, thou gentle Bank,
For ever, if thou wilt: You sweet ones all,
Let me unworthy press you: I cou'd wish
I rather were a Coarse strew'd o'er with you,
Than quick above you. Dulness shuts mine Eyes,
And I am giddy. Oh that I could take
So sound a Sleep, that I might never wake.

Enter Philaster.

Phi. I have done ill, my Conscience calls me false,
To strike at her, that would not strike at me.
When I did fight, methought I heard her pray
The Gods to guard me. She may be abus'd,
And I a loathed Villain: If she be,
She will conceal who hurt her; He has Wounds,
And cannot follow, neither knows he me.
Who's this; *Bellario* sleeping? If thou beest
Guilty, there is no Justice that thy Sleep
Should be so sound, and mine, whom thou hast wrong'd,
So broken. Hark I am pursued. You Gods [*Cry within.*
I'll take this offer'd means of my Escape:
They have no mark to know me, but my Wounds,
If she be true; if false, let mischief light
On all the World at once. Sword, print my Wounds
Upon this sleeping Boy: I ha' none I think
Are mortal, nor would I lay greater on thee. [*Wounds him.*

Bel. Oh Death I hope is come, blest be the Hand,
It meant me well; again, for Pities sake.

Phi. I have caught my self, [*Phi. falls.*
The loss of Blood hath stav'd my flight. Here, here,
Is he that struck thee: Take thy full Revenge,
Use me, as I did mean thee, worse than Death:
I'll teach thee to Revenge: This luckless Hand
Wounded the Princess, tell my Followers
Thou didst receive these hurts in staying me,
And I will second thee: Get a Reward.

Bel. Fly, fly, my Lord, and save your self.

Phi. How's this? ———

Wouldst thou I should be safe? *Bel.* Else it were vain
For me to live. These little Wounds I have,
Ha' not bled much, reach me that Noble Hand,
I'll help to cover you. *Phi.* Art thou true to me?

Bel.

Bel. Or let me perish loath'd. Come my good Lord,
Creep in amongst those Bushes: Who does know
But that the Gods may save your much lov'd Breath?

Phi. Then I shall die for Grief, if not for this,
That I have wounded thee: What wilt thou do?

Bel. Shift for my self well: peace, I hear 'em come.

Within. Follow, follow, follow; that way they went.

Bel. With my own Wounds I'll bloody my own Sword.
I need not Counterfeit to fall; Heav'n knows,
That I can stand no longer.

Enter Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont and Thrafiline.

Pha. To this Place we have tract him by his Blood.

Cle. Yonder, my Lord, creeps one away.

Dion. Stay Sir, what are you?

Bel. A wretched Creature wounded in these Woods
By Beasts; relieve me, if your names be Men,
Or I shall perish. *Dion.* This is he, my Lord,
Upon my Soul that hurt her; 'tis the Boy,
That wicked Boy that serv'd her.

Pha. O thou damn'd in thy Creation!
What Cause could'st thou shape to hurt the Princess?

Bel. Then I am betray'd.

Dion. Betray'd! no, apprehended.

Bel. I confess;

Urge it no more, that big with evil 'Thoughts
I set upon her, and did make my Aim
Her Death. For Charity, let fall at once
The Punishment you mean, and do not load
This weary Flesh with Tortures.

Pha. I will know who hir'd thee to this Deed.

Bel. Mine own Revenge. *Pha.* Revenge, for what?

Bel. It pleas'd her to receive

Me as her Page, and when my Fortunes ebb'd,
That Men strid o'er them carelessly, she did shew
Her welcome Graces on me, and did swell
My Fortunes, 'till they overflow'd their Banks,
Threatning the Men that crost 'em; when as swift
As Storms arise at Sea, she turn'd her Eyes
To burning Suns upon me, and did dry
The Streams she had bestow'd, leaving me worse
And more condemn'd than other little Brooks,
Because I had been great: In short, I knew
I could not live, and therefore did desire
To die Reveng'd. *Pha.* If Tortures can be found,
Long as thy natural Life, resolve to feel
The utmost Rigour.

Cle. Help to lead him hence.

[*Philaster creeps out of a Bush.*
Phi.

Phi. Turn back, you Ravishers of Innocence,
Know ye the price of that you bear away so rudely?

Pha. Who's that? *Dion.* 'Tis the Lord *Philaster*.

Phi. 'Tis not the Treasure of all Kings in one,
The Wealth of *Tagus*, nor the Rocks of Pearl
That pave the Court of *Neptune*, can weigh down
That Virtue. It was I that hurt the Princess.
Place me, some God, upon a *Piramis*,
Higher than Hills of Earth, and lend a Voice
Loud as your Thunder to me, that from thence
I may discourse to all the Under-world,
The Worth that dwells in him. *Pha.* How's this?

Bel. My Lord, some Man
Weary of Life, that would be glad to die.

Phi. Leave these untimely Courtesies, *Bellario*.

Bel. Alas he's mad, come will you lead me on?

Phi. By all the Oaths that Men ought most to keep;
And Gods do punish most, when Men do break,
He toucht her not. Take heed *Bellario*,
How thou dost drown the Virtues thou hast shown
With Perjury. By all that's good 'twas I:
You know she stood betwixt me and my Right.

Pha. Thy own Tongue be thy Judge.

Cle. It was *Philaster*. *Dion.* Is't not a brave Boy?
Well Sirs, I fear we were all deceiv'd.

Phi. Have I no Friend here? *Dion.* Yes.

Phi. Then shew it;
Some good Body lend a Hand to draw us nearer.
Would you have Tears shed for you when you die?
Then lay me gently on his Neck, that there
I may weep Floods, and breath out my Spirit:
'Tis not the Wealth of *Plutus*, nor the Gold
Lockt in the heart of Earth, can buy away
This arm-full from me, this had been a Ransom
To have redeem'd the great *Augustus Caesar*,
Had he been taken: You hard-hearted Men,
More stony than these Mountains, can you see
Such clear pure Blood drop, and not cut your Flesh
To stop his Life? To bind whose better Wounds,
Queens ought to tear their Hair, and with their Tears,
Bath 'em. Forgive me, thou that art the wealth
Of poor *Philaster*.

Enter King, Arethusa, and a Guard.

King. Is the Villain ta'en?

Pha. Sir, here be two confess the Deed; but say it was *Philaster*.

Phi. Question it no more, it was.

King.

King. The Fellow that did fight with him will tell us.

Are. Ay me, I know he will. *King.* Did not you know him?

Are. Sir, if it was he, he was disguised.

Phi. I was so. Oh my Stars! that I should live still.

King. Thou ambitious Fool;

Thou that hast laid a Train for thy own Life;
Now I do mean to do, I'll leave to talk. Bear him to Prison.

Are. Sir, they did plot together to take hence
This harmless Life; should it pass unreveng'd,
I should to Earth go weeping: Grant me then
(By all the Love a Father bears his Child)
Their Custodies, and that I may appoint
Their Tortures, and their Death.

Dion. Death? soft, our Law will not reach that, for this Fault.

King. 'Tis granted, take 'em to you, with a Guard.
Come Princely *Pharamond*, this Business past,
We may with more security go on to your intended Match.

Cle. I pray that this Action lose not *Philaster* the Hearts of the
People.

Dion. Fear it not, their overwise Heads will think it but a
Trick. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Dion, Cleremont and Thrafiline.

Thra. **H**AS the King sent for him to Death?

Dion. Yes, but the King must know, 'tis not in his
Pow'r to war with Heav'n.

Cle. We linger time; the King sent for *Philaster* and the Heads-
man an hour ago.

Thra. Are all his Wounds well?

Dion. All, they were but Scratches; but the loss of Blood made
him faint. *Cle.* We dally, Gentlemen.

Thra. Away. *Dion.* We'll scuffle hard before he perish. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Philaster, Arethusa and Bellario.

Are. Nay dear *Philaster* grieve not, we are well.

Bel. Nay good my Lord forbear, we are wondrous well.

Phi. Oh *Arethusa*! O *Bellarion*! leave to be kind:

I shall be shot from Heav'n, as now from Earth,
If you continue so; I am a Man,
False to a Pair of the most trusty ones
That ever Earth bore; can it bear us all?
Forgive and leave me, but the King hath sent
To call me to my Death, Oh shew it me,
And then forget me: And for thee, my Boy,
I shall deliver Words will mollifie

The

The hearts of Beasts, to spare thy Innocence.

Bel. Alas my Lord, my Life is not a thing
Worthy your noble Thoughts; 'tis not a Life,
'Tis but a piece of Child-hood thrown away:
Should I out-live you, I shall then out-live
Virtue and Honour. And when that Day comes,
If ever I should close these Eyes but once,
May I live spotted for my Perjury,
And waste my Limbs to nothing.

Are. And I (the woful'st Maid as ever was,
Forc'd with my Hands to bring my Lord to Death)
Do by the Honour of a Virgin swear,

To tell no Hours beyond it. *Phi.* Make me not hated so.

Are. Come from this Prison, all joyful to our Deaths.

Phi. People will tear me when they find you true
To such a Wretch as I; I shall die loath'd.
Injoy your Kingdoms peaceably, whilst I
For ever sleep forgotten with my Faults:
Ev'ry just-Servant, ev'ry Maid in Love
Will have a piece of me, if you be true.

Are. My dear Lord say not so. *Bel.* A piece of you?
He was not-born of Woman that can cut it and look on.

Phi. Take me in Tears betwixt you,
For my Heart will break with Shame and Sorrow.

Are. Why 'tis well. *Bel.* Lament no more.

Phi. What would you have done
If you had wrong'd me basely, and had found
My Life no price, compar'd to yours? For Love, Sirs,
Deal with me truly.

Bel. 'Twas mistaken, Sir. *Phi.* Why if it were?

Bel. Then Sir, we would have ask'd you Pardon.

Phi. And have hope to enjoy it? *Are.* Enjoy it? ay.

Phi. Would you indeed? be plain. *Bel.* We would, my Lord.

Phi. Forgive me then. *Are.* So, so.

Bel. 'Tis as it should be now. *Phi.* Lead to my Death. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline.

King. Gentlemen, who saw the Prince?

Cle. So please you Sir, he's gone to see the City,
And the new Platform, with some Gentlemen
Attending on him. *King.* Is the Princess ready

To bring her Prisoner out? *Thra.* She waits your Grace.

King. Tell her we stay. *Dion.* King, you may be deceiv'd yet:
The Head you aim at cost more setting on
Than to be lost so slightly: If it must off,
Like a wild Overflow, that swoops before him
A golden Stack, and with it shakes down Bridges,

Cracks

Cracks the strong Hearts of Pines, whose Cable Roots
Held out a thousand Storms, a thousand Thunders,
And so made mightier, takes whole Villages
Upon his Back, and in that heat of Pride,
Charges strong Towns, Towers, Castles, Palaces,
And lays them desolate; so shall thy Head,
Thy Noble Head, bury the Lives of thousands,
That must bleed with thee like a Sacrifice,
In thy red Ruins.

Enter Philaster, Arethusa, and Bellario in a Robe and Garland.
King. How now, what Mask is this?

Bel. Right Royal Sir, I should
Sing you an Epithalamium of these Lovers,
But having lost my best Ayrs with my Fortunes,
And wanting a Celestial Harp to strike
This blessed Union on; thus in glad Story
I give you all. These two fair Cedar-branches,
The noblest of the Mountain, where they grew,
Straitest and tallest, under whose still Shades
The worthier Beasts have made their Layers, and slept
Free from the Syrian Star, and the fell Thunder-stroke,
Free from the Clouds, when they were big with humour,
And delivered in thousand spouts, their Issues to the Earth:
O there was none but silent Quiet there!
'Till never pleased Fortune shot up Shrubs,
Base Under-Brambles, to divorce these Branches;
And for a while they did so, and did Rain
Over the Mountain, and choakt up his Beauty
With Brakes, rude Thorns and Thistles, 'till thy Sun
Scorcht them even to the Roots, and dry'd them there:
And now a gentle Gale hath blown again,
That made these Branches meet, and twine together,
Never to be divided: The God that sings
His holy Numbers over Marriage Beds,
Has knit their noble Hearts, and here they stand
Your Children, mighty King; and I have done.

King. How, how?

Are. Sir, if you love it in plain Truth,
For there is no Masking in't; This Gentleman,
The Prisoner that you gave me, is become
My Keeper, and through all the bitter throws
Your Jealousies and his ill Fate have wrought him,
Thus nobly hath he struggled, and at length
Arriv'd here my dear Husband.

King. Your dear Husband! Call in
The Captain of the Citadel; there you shall keep

Your

Your Wedding. I'll provide a Mask shall make
 Your Hymen turn his Saffron into a sullen Coat,
 And sing sad Requiems to your departing Souls:
 Blood shall put out your Torches, and instead
 Of gawdy Flow'rs about your wanton Necks,
 An Ax shall hang like a prodigious Meteor
 Ready to crop your Loves sweets. Hear, you Gods:
 From this time do I shake all Title off,
 Of Father to this Woman, this base Woman;
 And what there is of Vengeance, in a Lion
 Cast amongst Dogs, or robb'd of his dear Young,
 The same inforc'd more terrible, more mighty,
 Expect from me. *Are.* Sir,
 By that little Life I have left to swear by,
 There's nothing that can stir me from my self.
 What I have done, I have done without Repentance,
 For Death can be no Bug-bear unto me,
 So long as *Pharamond* is not my Headsman.

Dion. Sweet Peace upon thy Soul, thou worthy Maid,
 When e'er thou diest; for this time I'll excuse thee,
 Or be thy Prologue. *Phi.* Sir, let me speak next,
 And let my dying Words be better with you
 Than my dull living Actions; If you aim
 At the dear Life of this sweet Innocent,
 You are a Tyrant and a savage Monster;
 Your Memory shall be as foul behind you
 As you are living, all your better Deeds
 Shall be in Water writ, but this in Marble:
 No Chronicle shall speak you, though your own,
 But for the shame of Men. No Monument
 (Though high and big as *Pelion*) shall be able
 To cover this base Murther; make it rich
 With Brass, with purest Gold, and shining Jasper,
 Like the Pyramids, lay on Epitaphs,
 Such as make great Men Gods; my little Marble
 (That only cloaths my Ashes, not my Faults)
 Shall far out-shine it; And for after Issues,
 Think not so madly of the Heav'nly Wifdoms,
 That they will give you more, for your mad Rage
 To cut this off, unless it be some Snake, or something
 Like your self, that in his Birth shall strangle you.
 Remember my Father, King; there was a Fault,
 But I forgive it: Let that Sin perswade you
 To love this Lady. If you have a Soul,
 Think, save her, and be saved; for my self,
 I have so long expected this glad hour,
 So languisht under you, and daily wither'd,

That

That Heav'n knows it is my Joy to die,
I find a Recreation in't.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where's the King? *King.* Here.

Mess. Get you to your strength,
And rescue the Prince *Pharamond* from danger,
He's taken Prisoner by the Citizens,
Fearing the Lord *Philaster*. *Dion.* Oh brave Followers;
Mutiny, my fine dear Country-men, mutiny,
Now my brave valiant Foremen, shew your Weapons
In honour of your Mistresses.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Arm, arm, arm. *King.* A thousand Devils take 'em.

Dion. A thousand Blessings on 'em.

Mess. Arm O King, the City is in mutiny,
Led by an old Gray Ruffian, who comes on
In rescue of the Lord *Philaster*. *[Exit with Arc. Phi. Bel.]*

King. Away to the Cittadel, I'll see them safe,
And then cope with these Burgers: Let the Guard
And all the Gentlemen give strong attendance, *[Exit King.]*

[Manent Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline.]

Cle. The City up! this was above our wishes.

Dion. Ay, and the Marriage too; by my Life,
This noble Lady has deceiv'd us all. A plague upon my self; a
a thousand Plagues, for having such unworthy thoughts of her
dear Honour: O I could beat my self, or do you beat me and I'll
beat you, for we had all one thought.

Cle. No, no, 'twill but lose time.

Dion. You say true, are your Swords sharp? Well my dear
Country-men, what ye lack, if you continue and fall not back up-
on the first broken Shin, I'll have you chronicled, and chronicled,
and cut and chronicled, and all to be prais'd, and sung in Sonnets,
and bath'd in new brave Ballads; that all Tongues shall trouble
you in *Sacula Saculorum*, my kind Can-carriers.

Tbra. What if a toy take 'em i'th' Heels now, and they run all
away, and cry the Devil take the hindmost?

Dion. Then the same Devil take the foremost too, and sowce
him for his Breakfast; if they all prove Cowards, my Curses fly
amongst them and be speeding. May they have Murraings reign
to keep the Gentlemen at home unbound in easy freez: May the
Moths branch their Velvets, and their Silks only be worn before
fore Eyes. May their false Lights undo 'em, and discover Presses,
Holes, Stains, and Oldness in their Stuffs, and make them Shop-
rid: May they keep Whores and Horses, and break; and livemued
up with Necks of Beef and Turnips: May they have many Chil-
dren, and none like the Father: May they know no Language
but

but that gibberish they prattle to their Parcels, unless it be the goarish Latine they write in their Bonds, and may they write that false, and lose their Debts.

Enter the King.

King. Now the Vengeance of all the Gods confound them; how they swarm together! what a hum they raise; Devils, choak your Wild Throats; if a Man had need to use their Valours, he must pay a Brokage for it, and then bring 'em on, they will fight like Sheep. 'Tis *Philaster*, none but *Philaster* must allay this heat: They will not hear me speak, but sling dirt at me, and call me Tyrant. Oh run dear Friend, and bring the Lord *Philaster*; speak him fair, call him Prince, do him all the Courtesy you can, commend me to him. Oh my Wits, my Wits! *[Exit Cle.]*

Dion. Oh my brave Country-men! as I live, I will not buy a Pin out of your Walls for this; Nay, you shall cozen me, and I'll thank you; and send you Brawn and Bacon, and soil you every long Vacation a brace of Foremen, that at *Michaelmas* shall come up fat and kicking.

King. What they will do with this poor Prince, the Gods know, and I fear.

Dion. Why, Sir: They'll flea him, and make Church Buckets on's Skin to squench Rebellion, then clap a Rivet in's Sconce, and hang him up for a Sign.

Enter Cleremont with Philaster.

King. O worthy Sir forgive me, do not make Your Miseries and my Faults meet together, To bring a greater Danger. Be your self, Still sound amongst Diseases. I have wrong'd you, And though I find it last, and beaten to it, Let first your Goodness know it. Calm the People, And be what you were Born to: Take your Love, And with her my Repentance, and my Wishes, And all my Prayers; by the Gods my Heart speaks this: And if the least fall from me not perform'd, May I be struck with Thunder.

Phi. Mighty Sir,
I will not do your Greatness so much wrong,
As not to make your word Truth; free the Princess,
And the poor Boy, and let me stand the shock
Of this mad Sea-breach, which I'll either turn
Or perish with it.

King. Let your own word free them.

Phi. Then thus I take my leave, kissing your Hand,
And hanging on your Royal Word: Be Kingly,
And be not mov'd Sir, I shall bring you Peace,
Or never bring my self back.

King.

P H I L A S T E R.

53

King. All the Gods go with thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter an old Captain and Citizens with Pharamond.

Cap. Come my brave Mirmidons let us fall on,
Let our Caps swarm my Boys,
And you nimble Tongues forget your Mothers
Gibberish, of what do you lack, and set your Mouths
Up Children, till your Pallats fall frighted half a
Fathom; past the cure of Bay-salt and gross Pepper.
And then cry *Philaster*, brave *Philaster*,
Let *Philaster* be deeper in request, my Ding-dongs,
My pairs of dear Indentures, King of Clubs,
Than your cold water Camblets, or your Paintings
Spitted with Copper; let not your hasty Silks,
Or your branch'd Cloth of Bodkin, or your Tissues,
Dearly belov'd of spiced Cake and Custard,
Your Robin-hoods scarlets and Johns, tie your Affections
In darkness to your Shops; no, dainty Duckers,
Up with your three-pil'd Spirits, your wrought Valours;
And let your un-cut Coller make the King feel
The measure of your mightiness. *Philaster!*
Cry my Rose nobles, cry. *All.* *Philaster! Philaster!*

Cap. How do you like this, my Lord Prince? these are mad
Boys, I tell you, these are things that will not strik their Top-sails
to a Foist. And let a Man of War, an Argosie hull and cry
Cockles.

Pba. Why you rude Slave, do you know what you do?

Cap. My pretty Prince of Puppets, we do know,
And give your Greatness warning, that you talk
No more such Bug-words, or that foldred Crown
Shall be scratch'd with a Musket: Dear Prince Pippen,
Down with your noble Blood; or as I live,
I'll have you codled: Let him loose, my Spirits,
Make us a round Ring with your Bills, my Hectors,
And let us see what this trim Man dares do.
Now Sir, have at you; here I hit,
And with this swashing Blow, do you swear Prince;
I could hulk your Grace, and hang you up cross-legg'd;
Like a Hare at a Poulterers, and do this with this wiper.

Pba. You will not see me murder'd, wicked Villains?

i Cit. Yes indeed will we Sir, we have not seen one Foe a
great wile.

Cap. He would have Weapons, would he? Give him a Broad-
side my brave Boys with your Pikes, branch me his Skin in Flowers
like a Satin, and between every Flower a mortal Cut, your Roy-
alty shall ravel, jag him Gentlemen, I'll have him cut to the Kell,
then down the Seams, oh for a whip to make him Goloone-
Laces, I'll have a Coach-whip.

Pba.

Pha. O spare me, Gentlemen.

Cap. Hold, hold, the Man begins to fear and know himself,
He shall for this time only be seal'd up
With a Feather through his Nose, that he may only see
Heav'n, and think whither he's going.
Nay beyond-Sea Sir, we will proclaim you, you would be King:
Thou tender Heir apparent to a Church-Ale,
Thou slight Prince of single Sarcenet;
Thou Royal Ring-tail, fit to fly at nothing
But poor Mens Poultry, and have every Boy
Bear thee from that too with his Bread and Butter.

Pha. Gods keep me from these Hell-hounds.

2 *Cit.* Shall's geld him, Captain?

Cap. No, you shall spare his Dowcets my dear Donsels,
As you respect the Ladies let them flourish;
The curses of a longing Woman kill as speedy as a Plague, Boys.

1 *Cit.* I'll have a Leg, that's certain.

2 *Cit.* I'll have an Arm.

3 *Cit.* I'll have his Nose, and at mine own charge build a Col-
ledge, and clap't upon the Gate.

4 *Cit.* I'll have his little Gut to string a Kit with,
For certainly a Royal Gut will sound like Silver.

Pha. Would they were in thy Belly, and I past my pain once.

5 *Cit.* Good Captain let me have his Liver to feed Ferrets.

Cap. Who will have parcels else? Speak.

Pha. Good Gods consider me, I shall be tortur'd.

1 *Cit.* Captain, I'll give you the trimming of your hand-sword,
and let me have his Skin to make false Scabbards.

2 *Cit.* He had no Horns Sir, had he?

Cap. No Sir, he's a Pollard, what would'st thou do with horns?

Cit. O if he had, I would have made rare Hafts and Whistles
of 'em; but his Shin-bones, if they be sound, shall serve me.

Enter Philaster.

All. Long live *Philaster*, the brave Prince *Philaster*.

Phi. I thank you, Gentlemen; but why are these
Rude Weapons brought abroad, to teach your Hands
Uncivil Trades? *Cap.* My Royal Rosiclear,

We are thy Mirmidons, thy Guard, thy Rorers,
And when thy noble Body is in durance,

Thus do we clap our musty Murrians on,
And trace the Streets in Terror: Is it Peace,

Thou *Mars* of Men? Is the King sociable,
And bids thee live? Art thou above thy Foemen,

And free as *Phœbus*? Speak, if not, this stand
Of Royal Blood shall be abroach, atilt, and run
Even to the lees of Honour.

Phi. Hold and be satisfied, I am my self,

Free

Free as my Thoughts are, by the Gods I am.

Cap. Art thou the dainty Darling of the King?
Art thou the *Hylas* to our *Hercules*?

Do the Lords bow, and the regarded Scarlets
Kiss the Gumd-gols, and cry, we are your Servants?
Is the Court navigable, and the Presence struck
With Flags of Friendship? If not, we are thy Castle,
And this Man sleeps.

Phi. I am what I desire to be, your Friend,
I am what I was born to be, your Prince.

Pha. Sir, there is some Humanity in you,
You have a noble Soul, forget my Name,
And know my Misery, set me safe aboard
From these wild *Canibals*, and as I live,
I'll quit this Land for ever: There is nothing,
Perpetual Prisonment, Cold, Hunger, Sickness
Of all sorts, all Dangers, and all together,
The worst Company of the worst Men, Madness, Age,
To be as many Creatures as a Woman,
And do as all they do, nay to despair;
But I would rather make it a new Nature,
And live with all those, than endure one hour
Amongst these wild Dogs.

Phi. I do pity you: Friends discharge your Fears,
Deliver me the Prince, I'll warrant you
I shall be old enough to find my Safety:

3 Cit. Good Sir take heed he does not hurt you,
He's a fierce Man I can tell you Sir.

Cap. Prince, by your leave I'll have a Surfingle,
And Male you like a Hawk.

[He stirs.]

Phi. Away, away, there is no danger in him:
Alas he had rather sleep to shake his Fit off.
Look you Friends, how gently he leads, upon my word
He's tame enough, he need no further watching.
Good my Friends go to your Houses, and by me have
Your Pardons, and my Love,
And know there shall be nothing in my pow'r
You may deserve, but you shall have your Wishes.
To give you more Thanks were to flatter you,
Continue still your Love, and for an earnest
Drink this. All. Long maist thou live brave Prince,
Brave Prince, brave Prince.

[Exeunt Phi. and Pha.]

Cap. Thou art the King of Courtesie:
Fall off again my sweet Youths, come, and every Man trace to
his House again, -and hang his Peuter up, then to the Tavern and
bring your Wives in Muffs: we will have Musick, and the red
Grape shall make us Dance, and rise Boys.

[Exeunt.]

Enter King, Arethusa, Galatea, Megra, Cleremont, Dion, Thrafiline, Bellario, and Attendants.

King. Is it appeas'd?

Dion. Sir, all is quiet as this dead of Night,
As peaceable as Sleep; my Lord *Philaster*
Brings on the Prince himself. *King.* Kind Gentlemen!
I will not break the least word I have giv'n
In Promise to him, I have heap'd a world
Of Grief upon his Head, which yet I hope
To wash away.

Enter Philaster and Pharamond.

Cle. My Lord is come. *King.* My Son!
Blest be the time that I have leave to call
Such Virtue mine; now thou art in mine Arms;
Methinks I have a Salve unto my Breast
For all the stings that dwell there; streams of Grief
That I have wrought thee, and as much of Joy
That I repent it, issue from mine Eyes:
Let them appease thee, take thy Right; take her,
She is thy Right too, and forget to urge
My vexed Soul with that I did before.

Pbi. Sir, it is blotted from my Memory,
Past and forgotten: For you, Prince of *Spain*,
Whom I have thus redeem'd, you have full leave
To make an honourable Voyage home,
And if you would go furnish'd to your Realm
With fair Provision, I do see a Lady
Methinks would gladly bear you company:
How like you this Piece? *Meg.* Sir, he likes it well,
For he hath tried it, and found it worth
His Princely liking; we were ta'en a-bed,
I know your meaning, I am not the first
That Nature taught to seek a Fellow forth:
Can Shame remain perpetually in me,
And not in others? or have Princes Salves
To cure ill Names, that meaner People want?

Pbi. What mean you? *Meg.* You must get another Ship
To clear the Princess and the Boy together.

Dion. How now!

Meg. Others took me, and I took her and him
At that all Women may be ta'en sometimes:
Ship us all four, my Lord, we can endure
Weather and Wind alike.

King. Clear thou thy self, or know not me for Father!

Are. This Earth, how false it is? what means is left
For me to clear my self? It lies in your belief,

My

My Lords believe me, and let all things else
Struggle together to dishonour me.

Bel. O stop your Ears, great King, that I may speak
As freedom would, then I will call this Lady
As base as be her Actions: Hear me, Sir,
Believe your heated Blood when it rebels
Against your Reason, sooner than this Lady.

Meg. By this good Light he bears it handsomly.

Pbi. This Lady? I will sooner trust the Wind
With Feathers, or the troubled Sea with Pearl,
Than her with any thing; believe her not!
Why, think you, if I did believe her words,
I would outlive 'em: Honour cannot take
Revenge on you, then what were to be known
But Death? *King.* Forget her, Sir, since all is knit
Between us: But I must request of you
One favour, and will sadly be denied. *Pbi.* Command what e'er it be.

King. Swear to be true to what you promise. *Pbi.* By the Pow'r above,
Let it not be the Death of her or him,
And it is granted. *King.* Bear away the Boy
To Torture, I will have her clear'd or buried.

Pbi. O let me call my words back, worthy Sir,
Ask something else, bury my Life and Right
In one poor Grave, but do not take away my Life and Fame at
King. Away with him, it stands irrevocable. [once.]

Pbi. Turn all your Eyes on me, here stands a Man,
The falsest and the basest of this World:
Set Swords against this Breast, some honest Man,
For I have liv'd till I am pitied.
My former Deeds are hateful, but this last
Is pitiful, for I unwillingly
Have given the dear Preserver of my Life
Unto his Torture: Is it in the Pow'r [Offers to kill himself.]
Of Flesh and Blood, to carry this, and live?

Are. Dear Sir, be patient yet, or stay that Hand.

King. Sirs, strip that Boy.

Dion. Come Sir, your tender Flesh will try your Constancy.

Bel. O kill me Gentlemen. *Dion.* No, help Sirs.

Bel. Will you Torture me? *King.* Haste there, why stay you?

Bel. Then I shall not break my Vow,
You know just Gods, though I discover all.

King. How's that? Will he confess? *Dion.* Sir, so he says.

King. Speak then. *Bel.* Great King, if you command
This Lord to talk with me alone, my Tongue,
Urg'd by my Heart, shall utter all the Thoughts
My Youth hath known, and stranger Things than these

You hear not often. *King.* Walk aside with him.

Dion. Why speak'st thou not? *Bel.* Know you this Face, my Lord?

Dion. No. *Bel.* Have you not seen it, nor the like?

Dion. Yes, I have seen the like, but readily
I know not where. *Bel.* I have been often told

In Court of one *Euphrasia*, a Lady,

And Daughter to you; betwixt whom and me

(They that would flatter my bad Face would swear)

There was such strange Resemblance, that we two

Could not be known asunder, dress alike.

Dion. By Heav'n and so there is. *Bel.* For her fair sake,

Who now doth spend the Spring-time of her Life

In Holy Pilgrimage, move to the King,

That I may scape this Torture. *Dion.* But thou speak'st

As like *Euphrasia* as thou dost look.

How came it to thy Knowledge that she lives in Pilgrimage?

Bel. I know it not my Lord,

But I have heard it, and do scarce believe it.

Dion. Oh my Shame, is't possible? Draw near,

That I may gaze upon thee; art thou she?

Or else her Murderer? where wert thou born?

Bel. In *Siracusa*. *Dion.* What's thy Name? *Bel.* *Euphrasia*.

Dion. O 'tis just, 'tis she, now I do know thee. Oh that thou
And I had never seen thee nor my Shame. [hadst died,

How shall I own thee? shall this Tongue of mine

E'er call thee Daughter more?

Bel. Would I had died indeed, I wish it too,

And so I must have done by Vow, e'er publish'd

What I have told, but that there was no means

To hide it longer; yet I joy in this,

The Princess is all clear. *King.* What have you done?

Dion. All is discover'd. *Phi.* Why then hold you me?

[He offers to stab himself.

All is discover'd, pray you let me go.

King. Stay him. *Are.* What is discover'd?

Dion. Why my shame, it is a Woman, let her speak the rest.

Phi. How! that again. *Dion.* It is a Woman.

Phi. Blest be you Pow'rs that favour Innocence.

King. Lay hold upon that Lady.

Phi. It is a Woman Sir, hark Gentlemen!

It is a Woman. *Aretusa*, take

My Soul into thy Breast, that would be gone

With Joy: it is a Woman, thou art fair,

And virtuous still to Ages, in despite of Malice.

King. Speak you, where lies his Shame?

Bel. I am his Daughter. *Phi.* The Gods are just!

Dion.

Dion. I dare accuse none, but before you two,
The Virtue of our Age, I bend my Knee
For Mercy. *Phi.* Take it freely; for I know,
Though what thou didst were indiscreetly done,
'Twas meant well. *Arc.* And for me,
I have a pow'r to pardon Sins as oft
As any Man has pow'r to wrong me.

Cle. Noble and worthy. *Phi.* But *Bellarion*,
(For I must call thee still so) tell me why
Thou didst conceal thy Sex, it was a Fault,
A Fault *Bellarion*, though thy other Deeds
Of Truth outweigh'd it: All these Jealousies
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst discover'd
What now we know.

Bel. My Father would oft speak
Your Worth and Virtue, and as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the Man so prais'd, but yet all this
Was but a Maiden-longing, to be lost
As soon as found; 'till sitting in my Window,
Printing my Thoughts in Lawne, I saw a God
I thought (but it was you) enter our Gates;
My Blood flew out, and back again as fast,
As I had puff'd it forth and suck'd it in
Like Breath, then was I call'd away in haste
To entertain you. Never was a Man,
Heav'd from a Sheep-cote to a Scepter, rais'd
So high in Thoughts as I; you left a Kiss
Upon these Lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever, I did hear you talk
Far above singing; after you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my Heart, and search'd
What stir'd it so: Alas! I found it Love,
Yet far from Lust, for could I have but liv'd
In Presence of you, I had had my End;
For this I did delude my Noble Father
With a feign'd Pilgrimage, and dress my self
In Habit of a Boy, and for I knew
My Birth no Match for you, I was past hope
Of having you. And understanding well
That when I made discovery of my Sex,
I could not stay with you, I made a Vow,
By all the most Religious Things a Maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilst there was hope to hide me from Mens Eyes,
For other than I seem'd, that I might ever

Abide

Abide with you; then fate I by the Fount
Where first you took me up.

King. Search out a Match

Within our Kingdom, where and when thou wilt,
And I will pay thy Dewry, and thy self
Wilt well deserve him.

Bel. Never Sir will I

Marry, it is a thing within my Vow,
But if I may have leave to serve the Princess,
To see the Virtues of her Lord and her,
I shall have hope to live. *Ans. I, Philaster,*
Cannot be jealous, though you had a Lady
Drest like a Page to serve you, nor will I
Suspect her living here: Come live with me,
Live free, as I do; she that loves my Lord,
Canst be the Wife that hates her.

Phi. I grieve such Virtues should be laid in Earth
Without an Heir. Hear me, my Royal Father,
Wrong not the Freedom of our Souls so much,
To think to take Revenge of that base Woman,
Her Malice cannot hurt us; set her free
As she was born, saving from Shame and Sin.

King. Set her at Liberty, but leave the Court;
This is no place for such: You *Pharamond*
Shall have free Passage, and a Conduct home
Worthy so great a Prince; when you come there,
Remember 'twas your Faults that lost you her,
And not my purpos'd Will. *Phi.* I do confess,
Renowned Sir.

King. Last join your Hands in one. Enjoy, *Philaster,*
This Kingdom which is yours, and after me
Whatever I call mine, my Blessing on you,
All happy Hours be at your Marriage Joys,
That you may grow your selves over all Lands,
And live to see your plenteous Branches spring
Where-ever there is Sun. Let Princes learn
By this to rule the Passions of their Blood;
For what Heav'n wills, can never be withstood.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

F I N I S.

